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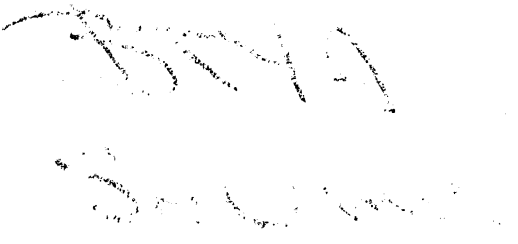

A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF

GERMANY, POLAND, RUSSIA, SWEDEN, DENMARK, &c.

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1805.

BY J. G. SEUME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

" Veritatem sequi & colere, tueri justitiam, æque omnibus bene velle ac facere, nil extimescere."

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1807.

C. H. R.

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A TOUR

THROUGH PART OF

GERMANY, POLAND, RUSSIA,

SWEDEN, DENMARK, &c.

LETTER I.

BRESLAU, 18*th April*, 1805.

MY friend, I shall transmit to you, from time to time, the contents of my travelling journal.

Nothing particular occurred on the way to Dresden. At Meissen, I could not but lament that so little improvement is made as to shape and decoration in our porcelain. I remember that I once paid sixty dollars in Berlin for a single cup, which I bought for a wealthy Russian, and which had no further ornament upon it than a head of Frederic the second. Whether Dresden is improved, or I am become a better judge, I know not; but the character of the inhabitants appeared in my eyes materially different. I did not observe so much fancied importance and ridiculous pride as before disgusted me.

On this occasion I visited the gallery, and (half a dozen of the classic paintings excepted) did not find it near so rich in the better Italian schools as I expected; so much the richer is it, however, in the Flemish, both as to number and merit. The Dresden collection is still, in my opinion, the next in value to that of Paris; at least I know of none in Italy, which can dispute the point with it. The store of antiques is very large, and the above observation also applies to them, especially as the Venus of Medicis and Family of Niobe are now removed to Paris. The young Faun, the Dorso, the Venus, the Ariadne, the Matron, and some others, undoubtedly belong to the most valuable productions of the art. It is almost evident to me that Canova took the beautiful attitude of his Hebe from the young Faun at Dresden. It is almost exactly similar; what confirms me in the supposition is that he formerly was

H. Stevens Son & Stiles

known to have often examined the statue for a considerable time with silent enthusiasm. The mummies are to be seen in greater perfection elsewhere. An ancient bust, which is supposed to represent Caligula, particularly attracted my attention, as I had previously seen a copy of it, in which I fancied that I discovered a strong resemblance to a certain great man of our times; and this opinion was rather confirmed than diminished by an examination of the antique itself. Becker, whose merit and judgment no one more highly esteems than I do, has told us that if the ancient artists produced only nine truly classic works, Dresden can boast that she possesses five of them. Surely there is some partiality in this remark. He should be content if it were acknowledged that she possesses a quarter of them.

In the Green Chamber I saw abundant proof of the elector's great wealth.

I was highly gratified by the rehearsal of the oratorio, which is to be performed at Easter. Schuster made the performers repeat over and over again any passages in which they were not quite perfect.

At Bautzen I only found one of my friends at home, and at Gorlitz I merely saw Antony while we changed horses. From this place and Waldau we had fine views of the Giant Mountain, which we caught at intervals for several days. The most picturesque point from which we surveyed it, was on the heights between Waldau and Bunzlau about sun-set, after which we had a romantic drive by moonlight through the vale of Bober. Of all the mountains which I have yet seen, the Giant Mountain is one of the most beautiful and fertile. Ætna alone exceeds it in these perfections, and the Apennine between Florence and Bologna may contest the point. It is surpassed by the Alps in awful grandeur and sublimity; but serenity of appearance, and abundance of produce, are its characteristics. While surveying it, I seemed to be again enjoying the spring of last year. There stood the Giant before me with his snowy head as in the former April. It was then that I was the first, as at Ætna, who climbed through the roaring tempest to the summit, and looked down upon the vales below through the magic clouds that rolled past in rapid succession. I followed the numerous windings of the river, and retraced the enchanting vales of Warmbrunn, Hirschberg, and Schmiedeberg. It is seldom that the traveller sees a more delightful country than this. It was here that I last year plucked the first violet, and heard the note of the first nightingale.

The plain of Liegnitz is perhaps one of the most extensive in Europe; the one near Chalons is not more so. The villages

in Silesia have, in general, an appearance of comfort. It is true that the houses are only thatched; but the chimnies, windows, and doors, are every where tolerably neat and clean; and this appearance always conveys to me an idea of good economy and management within. The name of the village is always painted on a post at the entrance of it, a regulation, which must be of considerable service to those who superintend the police of the country. These names are, however, becoming illegible, and ought to be renewed. Every one here is complaining of the dearness of corn, which is hardly to be procured; but the situation of those beyond the hills in Bohemia is much more lamentable; for I understand that an actual famine prevails there. The exportation of grain from Silesia is strictly prohibited; but considerable quantities, nevertheless, find their way out of the country. "Our neighbours supplied us when we needed their assistance," say the inhabitants openly, "and we cannot, therefore, let them die for want of bread." Who can decide whether this is humanity or the love of gain? It is a happiness that Providence has interwoven the passions with the general welfare. Man, politically and morally formed as he now is, would do but little good from the pure pleasure of doing it.

Since my arrival in Breslau, I have heard Graun's Death of Jesus, in the church of St. Elizabeth.

The vocal part of the performance was not very good; but the choruses were charmingly assisted by a most excellent organ. I scarcely remember a work of the kind, which possesses more merit. The conversation of the day still turns upon the oil of vitriol, which was thrown from a box of the theatre in the face of a female performer, and nearly caused her immediate death. The circumstance is a mournful proof of our degraded manners. Even the possibility and certainty of such an action having been committed in a quarter, where the first society of a large town is in the habit of assembling, excites abhorrence. Yet from a most mistaken notion of honour, those, whose duty it is to discover the perpetrator of this outrage, have not done it. It is no credit, I allow, to the duchy of Silesia, that any inhabitant of it could be guilty of such an act; but the disgrace will not be obliterated by an attempt to conceal it. True honour requires publicity and punishment. The wretch who could sink so low deserves no mercy. Besides, the wanton act of villainy has not even the merit of originality. When in Holland, I heard of a tailor, who availed himself of the same means, but in a much more humane manner; for he was accustomed to take opportunities of sprinkling this preparation on the clothes of his customers, with a view of increasing his bu-

sinees. Being discovered, he was very properly committed to the house of correction.

LETTER II.

SCHAWL in LITHUANIA, *29th April*, 1805.

HERE I am again, my dear friend, among the Samogitians shuddering with cold, while you perhaps are plucking the flowers in your garden, or listening to the nightingale. A deep snow has fallen here to-day, and an intense frost threatens to succeed it.

A journey through Poland may, in my opinion, be reckoned a campaign. Since the last alteration or rather annihilation of the government, the traveller will find his conveniences materially abridged. This may appear impossible; but it is, nevertheless, true. I am able to draw the comparison with accuracy, as I travelled through the country several times and in various directions, when it was under the government of Stanislaus Poniatowsky. The district between Wartemberg and Warsaw (Petrikaw and Rawa excepted) is particularly to be pointed out as affording only wretched accommodation. Poverty and filth prevail among Christians as well as Jews—among the former, if possible, in a greater degree. Speaking in the strictest sense of the expression, and without any exaggeration, the manure-heap is, at most Polish houses in the country, the spot on which you can stand with least disgust. The neighbourhood of Warsaw, and other places here and there, afford exceptions to this observation.

After we had been hungering and hoping for several stages, we were at length promised tea at the post-house in Wielky. An old dirty broken copper-pot was introduced, which appeared as if it had contained some gypsey's mess ever since the Revolution. It required such ravenous appetites as we possessed to make the tea, as they termed it, drinkable. I must, however, mention that the post-house at Rawa is very good and the charges very reasonable.

It is to be lamented that Buchhorn and Co. are not here at Schawl; for such an assembly of *Hogarthish* figures and groupes are seldom to be seen as at a Polish fair: Germans, Poles, Russians, Jews, all with the most distinct and prominent character. Take myself among them with a beard six days old, which I here bade adieu to. In the capacity of barber appeared a tall lean ghost-like Israelite with a beard down to his girdle. I sat upon a tottering three-legged stool while he clumsily performed

the operation, and the old Donna of the house, pacing from one side of the room to another, grumbled at having been disturbed in her habitual indolence.

It would be difficult to determine whether the appearance of Russian or Prussian Poland is more deplorable. Yet the people are not poor. They have bags of gold, and almost lie in filth, destitute of the common necessaries of life. If one of the town-soldiers of Leipzig were condemned to the same privations, he would shoot himself. Yesterday, a village of some consequence, in which were probably a hundred houses that had each a dozen windows and even some chimnies, could not supply us with a drop of beer; in another, the beer was sublimated with ingredients, which made it a truly Stygian draught.

In the history of the Church I had heard of many strange baptismal ceremonies, and among the rest that of baptising corn, which I had here an opportunity of seeing for the first time at Easter. A man walked up and down the field with a vessel of holy water, and sprinkled it upon the seed. Another from time to time stuck something in the earth, which, as I afterwards heard, were consecrated wooden crucifixes, and on fixing these in their places, he muttered some form of prayer. If the ground be well tilled, the seed properly sown, and the weather favourable, this pious ceremony will do no harm. Ridiculous farces of this description prevail every where during Easter, particularly at Petrikau.

I reached Warsaw on the 17th of April, the very evening on which, eleven years before, I stood in the midst of many a fire of musquetry. Those were two severe days, and well I remember them. I found several buildidgs just in the state of ruin that they then were. Not a stone had been replaced, and it seemed as if the inhabitants felt a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the monument of their last national energy. Our dining-room is a complete ruin, — the guard-house a wash-house, the war-office a smith's forge, and my lodging-room behind the palace hangs as it were in the air, without any stairs to it. The time will soon arrive when I must live on recollection. I stood, therefore, at the gate-way, the entrance of which we blocked on that fatal day with the dead bodies of our fellow-creatures, and the carcases of horses; and looked back on the various incidents of my fate. I counted all the balls which had fortunately escaped my head, and the marks of which were still visible in the wall. The whole tragedy recurred to me.

Dura satis miseris memoratio prisca malorum;
Et gravius summo culmine missa ruunt.

is written on the window of M. Schulz in Petrikau. But why should I tire you with a detail of former times? My voice, compared with the *Fuimus Troes* of the Poles, is but a drop in the ocean. They dwell with enthusiasm on the recollection of past events, and catch at every glimpse of hope, which promises the regeneration of their native land. The man is worthy of respect, who weeps over the grave of that, which is the most sacred blessing on earth; but no more of this, I am become a rhapsodist.

I have no doubt that the peasant has gained more under the Prussian than the Russian government; for the Prussian system is in every respect somewhat more liberal towards the lower orders of the community than the Russian. For this reason the nobility hangs more to the side of Russia, which is always oppressive, and friendly to slavery. An inclination towards the Russians is, however, to be found among all the other classes of the nation, in spite of every effort to counteract it on the part of the Prussian government. The recollection of Lucchesini's promises and his performance of them is deeply rooted in every heart. To this may be added the rigorous duties exacted, particularly the excise, which is, not without reason, looked upon as oppressive and hateful, and the execution of which is not always conducted in the most humane manner. Further, there is a nearer connection between the Poles and Russians, they being people of one and the same race, easily understanding each other, and soon learning to look on each other as brothers. With many too, the secret wish to be under one sceptre may have its further effect, for the hope of Poland regaining her influence as a state would in several respects be thereby increased.

Warsaw is sinking very gradually into a provincial government-town. The rich withdraw to Berlin or Petersburgh, according to their different distances from those places. They only, whose family affairs will not allow so great a change, or who are attached to the place from principle, inclination, &c. remain there. The military is more numerous than when the Russians played the master, which is easily to be accounted for on political grounds. The guards parade in the Saxon-court as it is termed, where I formerly saw Suworow command the Russians, undressed to his shirt. The great pavilion in the centre of the garden, where the company used formerly to take refreshment, is, for some purpose unknown to me, taken away. Many palaces stand empty, or are converted into hotels; of which the palace belonging to the family of Borch, where the Russian

ambassadors resided, is the best, and known by the new name of the Hotel de Prusse.

M. Boguslawsky, the man who perhaps after Kosciusko deserves to be called the last of the Poles, has still his theatre here, and seems only to live for the purpose of offering sacrifices to his native country, and then to die in it and with it. He is certainly in his sphere one of the first managers of the age, and in many characters fully deserves to be placed at the side of Iffland—in some perhaps even at his right side. All his arrangements are made judiciously and with taste. He is indeed a pupil of Stanislaus Poniatowsky, who was decidedly the first *arbiter elegantiarum*.

In Laschenka every thing is, indeed, empty and desolate, but in tolerable order. Sobieski's statue stands exactly opposite to the former chambers of Poniatowsky. The good man could hardly have invented a better satire on himself. Not far from here some recruits were exercising. I observed them from different sides for some hours, and confess with pleasure that they were treated with much good humour and kindness.

Near Praga, I stopped for a minute at the place, where King Poniatowsky was detained by his affectionate consort, as he went to the army. In my Lines upon his Death, there is not a syllable, which to my knowledge deviates from historical truth.

The flood was immense; we were twice obliged to cross the Bug with our carriage, and each time to pay ten guilders, without any previous agreement having been made. It appears to me that a system of police has never yet been thought of. We now travelled for a whole day in the direction of the Bug, and did not find the road so destitute of accommodations as before we reached Warsaw. At many points we saw the Austrian dominions over the river, particularly at Brock, where a solitary hussar lay in garrison, and stepped forth as the whole military detachment.

Between Wischkow and Brock, at a place where the carriage stopped, a soldier approached me with papers in his hand, and solicited my charity. The papers were his discharge, and a letter from the king's adjutant general, M. von Kleist. The soldier's name was Joseph Haacke of Owstien's regiment He related that his captain, a M. von Schenk, had struck him, during exercise, so forcibly with a spontoon upon the breast that he had broken the bone. He had been long in the hospital, and suffered much; after which he was discharged as unfit for service. His breast bone, which he shewed, had a shocking appearance. He had applied to the king for a pension, or an invalid's place, had been obliged to wait a fortnight, and then received from his majesty towards his expences in travelling

home to Dubno, about a hundred and eighty German miles from Berlin, a gracious present of two Frederic-d'ors. All this was actually stated on paper by M. von Kleist. Had I been in the same situation as the soldier, a couple of bullets would, I grant, have been a more acceptable present; and taking it for granted that the story was true, I should not, at this moment, like to be the king or Kleist, and least of all Schenk. Better would it be for all, if matters were really otherwise. The two Frederic-d'ors were nearly exhausted, and my florin would probably not take him much farther; especially as he breathed with considerable difficulty. So much for Joseph Haacke of Dubno.

At Checkanowice, close on the Bug, the Prussian recruiting officer hoped for a rich harvest at the fair, which was to take place on the following day, when many a man would drink away his freedom. The difference of charge in our bill was striking. For a night's lodging in an unfurnished chamber with broken windows, destitute of bedstead, or the least convenience, we paid a ducat, and for a tolerable breakfast, consisting of warm beer with bread and butter, in rather a cleanly room, only six groats.

Bialaslock, the favourite residence of the last Polish monarch, is certainly the most inviting place on the road from Warsaw to Grodno. Here, as well as at Rawa and Widawa, they are erecting numerous and solid buildings; and in other places too a disposition to improvement is visible. From Buckstell, the road rises without intermission as far as Sokolka, and then proceeds along the heights Kuniza, from which place there is a gradual descent to Grodno. At the first Russian post we were detained an hour during the examination of our passport, and the Cossacks directly begged money to expend in drinking, without afterwards allowing us to proceed. The commanding officer probably knew the use of a sword better than of a pen; for one might have written out a brief for a long criminal process before he dispatched us. The proceedings at the toll-house were equally slow; but all was conducted with civility and decorum.

Russian weather makes a man alert. It was a very severe winter, when I was first at Pleskow, and after leaving a party, I was making the best of my way to my own lodgings. "My God, how quick he runs!" called a little girl behind me. Here at Grodno, being obliged to sit so long in the toll-house, I took out my pocket book, and noted some little occurrence on the road. "My God, how quick he writes!" said one of the men near me.

We were directed to M. Harbatowsky, as keeping the best inn, and the rooms were really tolerable. At supper time a saloon was thrown open, and a splendid Easter banquet invited

us to sit down. It was just the celebration of this festival among the Russians. Ostentation and expence seemed to go hand in hand, as they usually do; but so much the more sparingly was the table supplied on the following day. As a proof that it was probably the best house in the place, a Russian major brought some travellers of consequence to it, and they were the only persons with whom I sat down to dinner. No one eat much—the tureen was cracked, the plates were *vandyked* here and there, and all the bottles had broken their necks. By way of cleanliness and propriety too, a dog was served from the same dish, which had just been taken from our table.

Grodno is not improved. From the castle to the small huts, dilapidation every where arrests the eye. From that place to Kowno we were driven by Jews, who are noted there as the best postillions. I had forgotten to provide myself with a post-pass, and would not willingly wait another day. You must know that no one can here travel post with a general passport, but a special one must be procured of the Russian governor at the chief town. The passport is indeed the *majus*, and therefore ought to include the post-pass or *minus*, but such is not the case, and the greatest inconvenience is, that this post-pass is sure to create delay: for instance, he who arrives to-day at Grodno, or any other government-town, can travel no further till the officers of police have given him this document; consequently he is obliged to stay all night against his inclination. This little evil of society we must, however, submit to, in return for the good which we enjoy.

We now proceeded along the right. banks of the Memel. The country round Olita is very pleasant; but cultivation is no forwarder than on the other side of the river in Prussian Poland. The road is altered, and the traveller can no longer proceed straight to Kowno, as before; but must go by Wilna, twelve miles out of his way; and the new regulations create many difficulties. Every thing here was winterly in the middle of May—the trees were still leafless. One particular species of plant only had put forth its blossom, which somewhat resembled that of a cherry, and smelt not unlike a violet. I can distinguish a cucumber-plant from a potatoe, and there ends my botanical knowledge.

The Russians had here and there converted barns into ammunition-magazines, a measure by no means to be approved. Every spark is attended with danger, and how probable is a negligence which, in such a case, may have fatal consequences! The Prussians at least guard this article with military exactness, and have built good stone magazines on the banks of the Bug.

In going down the Memel, our best resource was the fine pike taken in that river, and I do not remember to have ever tasted them in higher perfection. At Kowno, a fish was served up, which was there called *Zerb*, and which resembled a herring both in appearance and taste.

On every side we still perceived the devastations committed by the Cossacks and Yagers during the last war. The spirit of laying a country waste is dishonourable to human nature. Peter the First, who was not remarkable for refinement, dismissed the officer with disgrace, and made the soldier run the gauntlet, who cut down a single tree without orders; yet now whole woods and gardens are swept away, to make a dreary country more completely a desert.

The floods had here also done much injury; and the Werchnaja had carried away the whole bridge, besides bursting the banks. No arrangement had yet been made for crossing, and even foot-passengers could not reach the other side. We should have had a long and tedious circuit to make, if we did not cross here. Several persons at length passed over upon planks curiously laid for the purpose, and pointed out that it was possible to draw the carriage through the river a little below the mill. This was resolved on, and began with no little exertion as well as some danger. But now the carriage had reached the mill-court, and could proceed no further; for the gate had not been measured, and was at least a foot too low. What was to be done? A dozen stout fellows soon took off the wheels, reduced our vehicle to a sort of sledge, and dragged it with much labour safely to the other side of the river. The sturdy boors rejoiced, as if their native land had recovered her importance, when they saw our heavy carriage landed. Such ready cheerful assistance is, I must own, not often to be met with in Germany.

At Kowno we changed horses, and were, therefore, obliged to wait a while. For the sake of security I had always hired a man to guard the carriage, as there were articles of value in it. On applying to the landlord here for this purpose, he refused to interfere, stating that it was a matter belonging to the police. I sent to the office, and a corporal with two file of men immediately made their appearance in regular order, and surrounded the carriage. The corporal had some trouble with one of his men, who seemed to have been drinking deep. "The devil take thee, fellow," said he, "thou hast been drunk these four days." "Slawa bogu, Sudar, cebodni pjaetoi," answered the soldier, "God be thanked, sir, then this is the fifth."

Near the town a spacious and handsome convent has lately

been built, which will, I hope, be converted into some seminary of rational education; for what monks can have to do here, I am not, with all my piety, able to discover.

The public at Kowno were not disposed to say the most pleasant things in the world of General Zapolsky. He constantly paraded through the market-place in his splendid carriage with a most magnificent retinue. People of observation know what kind of men sometimes sit in such a carriage. A little time before there had been a fire in the city, on which occasion the general caused a servant of a respectable citizen *ex plenitudine auctoritatis* to receive three hundred lashes, because he had, in the midst of the crowd, been guilty of so heinous a crime as to throw down one of the general's establishment. The citizens made a formal complaint to the magistracy, but the general was of opinion that the man had only received his deserts, and threatened farther chastisement in consequence of their bold remonstrance. The citizens now thought of endeavouring to obtain justice by an appeal to the throne; but they feared the effects of the emperor's mild disposition and his partiality to the army. The public, however, spoke with great freedom of the general, and remarked that the regiment never before had so many on the sick list, or was so much thinned by desertion. Above two hundred men lay in the hospital—deserters were constantly crossing the river, and almost all the old officers of merit had thrown up their commissions in disgust. If the citizens, as must be confessed, sometimes carry matters too far, yet is the proud barbarous oppressive authority of the military in Russia, more than in other states, a deeply rooted malady. I have heard and seen dreadful instances of it. It is no uncommon thing for an officer to eat at his quarters during several weeks, to overlook innumerable disorders in his men, and on taking his departure to abuse and even strike his landlord, should he have the hardihood to apply for payment. This exploit is afterwards a matter of triumph. Such occurrences are seldom brought to a hearing, and still more seldom are the perpetrators properly punished. The military authority treats the municipality, especially in small towns (though I do not except the larger) with so much rigour and debasing rudeness, that every feeling of honour and justice is annihilated. "Heaven is high, and the emperor lives far off," says a Russian proverb, and the unsettled state of the laws affords to the wicked extensive power.

Farewell. If I do not close this letter, you will think I am about to write a book of lamentations, which may be very true, but would be of no use.

LETTER III.

Reval, *18th May*, 1805.

TRAVEL through Poland, my friend—eat with Jews—sleep amidst the grunting of swine—and you will feel almost a regeneration when you enter a pleasant cleanly room in Courland, are welcomed by a civil well-dressed maid-servant, and are treated with a good meal. Such was our case when we dined at Medemkrug on the borders, and entered the Petersburg Hotel at Mitau in the evening. At the latter place I saw none of my old acquaintance, as it was late when we arrived, and we proceeded at an early hour next morning. What a gratifying difference between the last Polish Jew's habitation at Kaydan, and the noble inn at Mellokrug! You will think, perhaps, that it is very difficult to please me—I hope not. A good dish of potatoes will afford me as hearty a meal as a venison-pasty, even if Potemkin sent for it by express from Paris. But I cannot deny that cleanliness as to the apartment, plates, dishes, &c. is indispensable to my comfort.

It was with real delight that I again beheld at a distance the lofty towers of Riga. Wealth has here been induced by the stream to fix her seat upon a barren soil; so kindly does nature supply the want of one advantage by bestowing a greater. Not that I shall agree with the good pastor at Hamburg, that one of the greatest proofs of the care with which Providence constantly watches over us, is his kindness in causing large rivers to flow near large towns. The shipping was still confined here in May, and the weather was extremely cold. We reached Dorpat before we felt the first few warm days, which announced the approach of spring.

My friends on the banks of the Düna received me with open arms, and I was invited from one house to another, with real hospitality and kindness. Former times connected themselves with the present, and recollection increased the pleasure of the moment. A charming mixture of German frugality and open Northern hospitality prevails here. Splendour and luxury do not yet dazzle the sight, but comfort and a friendly wish to please speak to the heart. On every side may be seen industry and happiness.

The Riga theatre is well known, and may be compared with those of the higher order in Germany. Madame Taube and Madame Oehme are esteemed the best female performers, and probably are so in reality; but they are both deficient in the higher excellences of their art. Arnold is still the favourite singer; and after he has conquered the fears, which always seem to oppress him during the first scene, his acting is not devoid of spirit and propriety.

The public were not very well pleased with the dragooning system of the Governor-general Buxhövden, for whom a party of Cossacks are in the habit of making way through the narrow streets with their pikes, sometimes not in the most friendly manner. Such was not the conduct of Brown and Repnin; hence it creates surprise, though it is by no means uncommon in Russia. The conversation of the day turned on the process against the superintendant-general Sonntag, a man who has ever distinguished himself by his zeal in the cause of truth and virtue, through which he has gained but a very problematic kind of favour among the higher ranks. It is not easy to read any thing more feeble and unconnected than the charges of the general against him. His defence was easy and conclusive, and delivered with open firmness. The monarch and ministry did him the most ample justice which he could expect. Party rancour was incapable of subduing the unshrinking spirit which a good cause supplied. Surprise was, however, here and there loudly expressed that after such a result of the process, Count Buxhövden should still occupy a post, which required a pure unsullied character. The general opinion is not controuled by any ukase.

One of the novel curiosities which attracted my attention at Riga, was the work of a cabinet-maker from Lemsal, whose name I have forgotten. He probably does not equal Röntgen; but I have seen nothing either in Saxony, or at Berlin, which excels his workmanship in solidity and neatness. The man certainly deserves encouragement; indeed his pupils are already sought after, and one of them is employed in the academic buildings at Dorpat, where he gives great satisfaction. One of his most finished undertakings is a representation in wood, of the three Swiss patriots, swearing the first alliance. The pieces of different-coloured wood are inlaid; the figures are, for this kind of work, very correct, devoid of hardness or coarseness, and are not inferior to the best modern mosaic. They have the merit of being laid with perfect exactness to a considerable depth, so that their surface may be planed several times without injury, and thus their freshness renewed.

From Riga, there are several continued stages through a heavy sand. After leaving Lenzenhof, I bent to the right and

reached Lindenhof, near which, several pleasing hills and dales formed a contrast to the dreary road we had passed. From Lindenhof, I took a direction on the left again to the road, and passed through Wolmar to Dorpat. The district between Wolmar and Gulbin is again sandy and woody; but between Teilitz and Kuikatz there is an agreeable variety of country, which appears tolerably fertile and well cultivated.

It is rather mortifying when a man sees a pleasant place just before him, at which he is about to stop, and is suddenly detained by some untoward accident before he reaches the point. The carriage was proceeding at a good pace on very smooth road, when the axle-tree broke, the machine over-turned, and its contents were lodged in a ditch. The horses very sensibly stood still, and I worked my way out with my young friend, having sustained no injury beyond a trifling contusion. The driver, however, who but just before had been unmercifully swinging his whip without intermission over his head, now applied his fingers to his ribs, which had sustained so much injury, that we were obliged to confide him to the care of Surgeon Kauzmann, at Dorpat.

Here I regained my ancient perfect freedom, by delivering my young travelling-companion safely into the bosom of his family. A person never feels quite at his ease with such a charge, because he naturally undertakes to deliver it sound in body and mind. You know what scruples my friends at home had; but they carried their anxiety too far: all ended well.

You will expect me to say something respecting the Athenæum on the banks of the Embach. Rome was not built in a day. As far as I can judge, the appearance is promising. Several worthy men are using their utmost exertions to give the institution consequence and stability. The collision with the nobility (for in what does not the nobility try to incorporate its privileges?) is apparently suspended for the present; the rest will be done by time, and the necessity of circumstances. For the solidity of the establishment the monarch has provided; so that a Russian university can never be very bad, unless it is totally neglected. The sciences have made a good beginning, and promise to flourish.

A principal objection usually made to the Russian universities is, that schools are yet wanting; that these should be first provided; and that without this foundation the building of knowledge cannot proceed. This sounds like rational argument, and elsewhere might be so; but in Russia the objection does not hold good. There the smaller schools must be created by the larger, if any hope is to be formed of a general improvement in education. The indispensable condition of this general

improvement is the personal liberty of all; but the slavery of their boors, is the palladium of the nobility. The smaller schools will never be established, and succeed as long as the lower citizens and peasants do not themselves feel the want and advantages of them, and can lend their aid in behalf of them. The nobility will never do any thing towards them without at the same time having their own views, by which, the general advantage will be again destroyed. This lies in the very nature of things. It were absurd to believe that there are not some among the nobility, who have good intentions; but the spirit of their body is in opposition to improvement, and subdues every effort of reason and justice.

Hence, a higher species of education is no more to be expected in Russia for centuries, than in Germany. Even the French could not yet bear it. The professors appear, not without reason, to have feared that the influence of the nobility would be exerted with respect to the management of the academic estates, and the appointment to offices, and that a nepotism would thus be established. But it is not necessary that a person should be a nobleman, to feel this desire of aggrandizing his own family.

It is therefore not a groundless fear, that unless the body appointed to overlook the affairs of this establishment, be strictly attentive, a nepotism on the part of the professors may ensue. The gymnasia, and provincial schools under the direction of the universities, will, I think, gradually gain a good footing in defiance of the difficulties which they have to encounter. Now that all is in good order, the dislike to the new academic inspection will be removed by liberal conduct. In what other body ought such an inspection to be vested? If it has been, on some occasions, negligently and improperly conducted, this does not destroy the propriety, which is fundamentally inherent in the regulation. The greatest difficulty seems to be, that the professors cannot take their journeys of inspection without injury to their own departments, and that some of them probably do not possess the exactness of a pedagogue, which is necessary for such an employment. During the recess, the teacher needs repose, in order to prepare himself for future labour. It would, perhaps, answer the purpose, if the emperor were to appoint for this particular office, a person at each university, whose ability and industry have been proved; who might under certain regulations, have the inspection of the manner in which the schools were conducted, and report the same.

The monarch himself will not yet be able to establish the parochial schools, whatever Parrot and other well-meaning enthusiasts may have laid before him to the contrary. He

himself is unable to furnish the whole fund necessary for the purpose; the nobility give nothing; the peasantry can give nothing, and are far from feeling the want of a better education. All that the emperor has till now been willing to do towards the measure is of little avail.

Slavery will allow no idea of public justice; and it is to slavery that the nobility cling so fast in reality, though they strive to avoid the hateful word. The newly-established Boor's Court is a measure, by which the nobleman preserves just such regulations among his vassals as suit his purpose. If I appoint the members of a court, and remove them at my pleasure, I controul that court. The consequence is, that many of the lower orders wish matters had remained on their old footing. At a university, round which such principles, or rather such want of principles, must constantly be put in practice, it is difficult indeed to teach with impartiality history and the law of nature.

The academical building on the height near the town, upon the site of the old cathedral, will have a commanding appearance, and answer its purposes as a chapel, a library, and a museum. Thus much advantage is already derived from it, that several portions of ground, hitherto lying waste all round it, are built upon and converted into gardens. Whether the house opposite will equally answer its end as a school of anatomy, or an observatory, I leave better judges to decide. The library is already rather numerous, and must soon become of consequence, if the ample sum of five thousand rubles per annum be judiciously expended. Morgenstern lives there as if in a creation formed according to his fancy; and Heaven grant him many enjoyments in return for his exertions! The museum too at least begins to assume some importance; and Germann is active in procuring and arranging the curiosities. It is, I grant, not to be compared with the Moscow collection.

Botany is a favourite study with several noblemen in the surrounding district. Among others, the wealthy M. von Lipphardt devotes a considerable sum annually to it, and Count Munich is, I understand, a proficient in the science. The plan of the university is a good one, and every active support may be expected from its curator, M. Klinger. It is, therefore, to be hoped that, in spite of difficulties, it will soon be of service to the empire and the sciences.

At Dorpat I threw my Sicilian seal-skin knapsack on my own shoulders, and walked in high glee toward Oberpalen, where I had promised, before I left home, to pay a visit. It was out of my way; but I had rather break my leg than my word. The walk was pleasant, the sun diffused a genial warmth, without being oppressive, and I recited some favourite passages from

Virgil, as I cheerfully marched along. I never feel so free, so vigorous, and independent as when walking.

The Brown Jug was not a tempting house in appearance; but the good folks very civilly offered to make me an ox-eye for dinner, and were sorry they could offer nothing else. Not being well versed in the kitchen nomenclature of Esthonia, I was quite ignorant what sort of a dish this might be; but at all events I thought it would be something eatable, and therefore, without further question, ordered the ox-eye, which proved to be a kind of omelet, principally consisting of eggs. They brought me some craw-fish into the bargain, and I made a hearty meal.

Careless about distance, as a foot-passenger often is, I wandered boldly forward on the high road, till evening overtook me, and I saw by the guide-post that I had walked fifty-seven versts. There was no house, bearing the appearance of an inn, to be seen before or behind me, to my right or my left; and it was not very comfortable to be told by a Russian driver, who passed me, that I had bent too much to the right, and must return half a dozen versts to Kawa, if I meant to reach Oberpalen. What was to be done? I had the fatigue of fifty-seven versts in my bones, and evening was come on. I therefore immediately agreed with the driver that he should take me to Kawa, which he did, and gave me in return for my paper a heavy load of copper coin. Kawa in Italy is a very beautiful place, between Naples and Salerno, on the most charming road in all Hesperia. Should you ever be at Naples, and neglect to take this trip, at least once, no Muse ought ever to smile on you again. Here in Esthonia, Kawa is a dreary barren country, as forbidding as the other is engaging.

My feet were rather painful from this first and too great exertion; so that I the next morning with pleasure accepted the friendly offer of a learned Esthonian, to take me in his carriage to Oberpalen. The man spoke Russian, German, and Swedish, besides his own language, had been in Paris, and had acquired a number of qualifications as a servant, which he could make no further use of as my coachman. He brought a light carriage without springs, as usual in this country, and well stuffed with hay, to make me a tolerable seat. My knapsack was tied behind, and thus drawn by a rough poney we entered the wood. My conductor entertained me, as well as his pipe would allow, with a detail of his travels and experience. "But what is this smell of burning?" demanded I, examining the vehicle on every side. He peeped here and there also; saw nothing; continued to smoke, and to relate his adventures. The scent became stronger, and at length the clear flame blazed through the hay

on which we were sitting. "Help, Heaven, help!" cried my Vetturino of Kawa. "As you have caused the fire with your cursed pipe, you may extinguish it," said I, and seized my knapsack. This was, however, unfortunately fastened securely —the flames rose high, and I could not, in my haste, find a knife. I pulled at it with all my strength, and tore the straps asunder, by which I felt happy at saving my shirts and Aristophanes. "Help, Heaven, help!" continued the driver to scream, as he beheld his vehicle in a blaze. "Blockhead," said I, "don't you see that there is water in the ditch?" He now filled his leather cap, which he repeated a dozen times, and I was so busy with my stick among the hay that we soon subdued the enemy. Had we been on an open plain, where no water could be procured, the carriage would have been inevitably consumed.

At Oberpalen, I was welcomed by a most friendly family, and enjoyed for some days the delight of a rural life, and hospitable polished society. We went in a coach to Weissenstein, a name without a place, where the ancestors of the present lords of the soil, under the mask of a religion which teaches brotherly love, brought slavery and wretchedness upon a free people. The place could only have served as a fortress, in as much as it is situated in a morass, and even then only against half-barbarians as the Esthonians were at that time, and the Russians some centuries afterwards. Government is now making many efforts to rebuild a town, which, under existing circumstances, is not very easy. A few government-houses, and the habitations of a mechanic or two, are all that at present can be seen.

I now directed my way to Reval, as I was already in the line for that place, and the main oad lay too much to my right. Here, all appearance of human cultivation ceased, and in the public-houses I usually found nothing but naked walls. Few people travel on a bye-road without carrying their own basket and flask; so that the poor inn-keepers cannot keep any provisions without a great probability of loss. Hence a person undoubtedly travels at a very cheap rate, but in the most comfortless manner that can be imagined. In the evening I could find nothing but a piece of old hard uncooked salt-beef, which, after the excellent fare I had been used to since leaving Poland, I could not well relish, and as to beer, that of which I complained in Poland was nectar, when compared with this. However, I had a chamber to myself, and a horse-rug for a coverlet, the nights being still very cold. In an adjoining room slept a butcher from Reval and a tailor from Karkus. The latter contrived by his industry, early in the morning, to procure a hundred craw-fish for ten copeks, which were naturally placed to my account, and with which I generously treated the trium-

virate, viz. the butcher, the tailor and myself. At how cheap a rate may a man purchase the credit of possessing generosity! The craw-fish were as good as I ever tasted in my life; and the quality of my supper on the preceding evening might perhaps tend to give them a superior flavour.

In Woit, where I passed my second night, the spacious inn was just as empty and desolate as those which I have described; and I should again have fared just as ill, had I not accidentally met with an old acquaintance M. von Stakelberg, who in the true spirit of chivalry took compassion on me. When we parted, I hired a carriage, having somewhat injured my foot by walking over stony roads, and on entering Reval I alighted, discharged my equipage, and pursued my course with a limping gait to Stolzenwald's inn. A good room and a good meal refreshed me much. My appearance, however, with a knapsack on my back, had doubtless appeared to the people rather suspicious; for they afterwards ceased to pay me the least attention. The antichamber was a billiard-room, where a constant noise was caused by all sorts of people. You must know that an accident happened to me ten years ago, by which my left foot was injured, and to this hour it is weaker than the other; so that any false step gives me considerable pain. Now, in my opinion, the most wholesome exercise is that of walking, and I am sometimes in the habit of saying, before I undertake a journey, that I shall only travel a few hundred miles on foot, because I am lame. On the present occasion my foot was much swollen, and extremely painful. I had several times requested warm water—no one brought it. I called, I stamped, I even shouted—no one heard, or no one would hear. At length my patience was exhausted. I summoned resolution, and supporting myself on my stick, I limped into the kitchen, and read the following lecture to the assembled household. "Am I landed among savages, that an honest man, when in violent pain, cannot be supplied with the common necessaries for his situation? Shall I stake ten—shall I stake twenty ducats as a security for the payment of my expenses? I am ready to do it; but if there be no one in the house to wait upon me, at least hire some one to do it. Such conduct as I have hitherto experienced is indefensible—it is even inhuman." In the bitterness of my anger I perhaps expressed myself still more forcibly. My auditors, however, seemed to conclude from my language and address that I was not exactly the poor wretch they had taken me for. They supplied me with my wants, and I had no longer any reason to complain. M. Stolzenwald himself was not to blame—he was engaged in his garden, and his people thought I was a fellow, about whom they had no occasion to trouble their heads. Such is often the

case at inns. The next day my name procured me some complimentary messages from the city, and my person obtained thereby a considerable increase of attention at my quarters.

LETTER IV.

BRONNIZA, *8th June*, 1805.

THAT you may not have to examine a dozen Atlasses in vain, I will at once tell you that Bronniza is twenty-five versts beyond Novgorod, and the first stage between that place and Moscow; a village where after much plague and fatigue a man may contrive to pass a night quietly. Such is just my case; for as I left Novgorod towards evening, all the windows of heaven were thrown open, and the rain fell in torrents on the open carriage which was conveying me. I lay on a small bundle of straw almost starved to death, and with a sort of grumbling defiance let the enemy take its course, which it did to my skin in less than a quarter of an hour. A rainy night in this climate and at this season of the year is much the same as with us in March, or late in the autumn. But of what avail are my complaints? Let me take up the thread of my narrative, and conduct you as well as myself hither. Disagreeable occurrences must be calculated on during a long journey, even before a man leaves home. The weather was unfavourable while I remained at Reval, and my foot not in the best state, so I drove about in a Droschke several times to look at the neighbourhood, and particularly the harbour. This is defended from storms by the point of land, which juts out to the left of the town, but I conceive there must still be considerable danger, when the wind blows with a continued violence from the north-west. Its situation is somewhat similar to that of Catanea towards the north-east; only that Catanea is not so well defended by the promontory as Reval; and will hardly become a port of security, unless its neighbour Ætna should fortunately or unfortunately make it so. With Russian exertion and Russian pecuniary aid, Reval may attain its end; but these cannot be expected in Sicily.

The wood on the Düna, near Riga, was one of my favourite resorts, because it consisted of oaks planted by Peter the first; but the Vale of Catharine in this neighbourhood was still more so. It is nearer to the town, and has a more cheerful appearance. It is also the usual and to all appearance the only place of enjoyment for the good people of Reval. As we left that town, which was, I believe, on the 21st of May. the snow was falling to a considerable depth. Every one here complains how back-

ward the spring is; and I am not on this occasion inclined to be Heaven's advocate. My driver was the same, with whom I arrived at Reval, and his large covered carriage afforded a good share of convenience in spite of the many articles with which it was laden. My companions were a young man from Reval, who was going to be placed in a merchant's counting-house at Petersburgh, and who had been recommended to my care by his father, and a turner from Copenhagen; the latter appeared to have left his morality at the Sound, and did not seem to have regained any portion of it at Reval. His discourse was certainly very entertaining to the young man, but by no means improving. He at last proceeded too far, and I found myself obliged to inform him that, though he might regulate his own life as he pleased, he ought to be cautious of broaching such doctrines in the presence of young people. After this, and a few other rebukes, he yielded to my suggestion, and conducted himself with more propriety till we reached the borders.

In Reval I expected to have most probably found M. von Kotzebue, and indeed he had been there only the day before, but was gone into the country. I could not spare time to follow him, and therefore proceeded without seeing him. On the road we happened to alight at an inn, where several gentlemen were seated, who, as I heard, were merchants of Reval. One word produces another. Among the rest Kotzebue was the subject of conversation, and one of these votaries of Mercury observed with an air of perfect belief that Kotzebue was going to Kœnigsberg for three months in order to write a History of Prussia. "In three months?" said I. "Yes, in three months," answered the other. "He has already collected many materials, and proceeded considerably in the work." I afterwards heard the anecdote several times repeated, and cannot conceive how any one formed such a notion of Kotzebue. He probably intends, during these three months, to examine and avail himself of documents to be met with at Kœnigsberg. But it appears to me that neither Kotzebue nor Müller ought to write a History of Prussia, because they are Prussian historiographers. How can they avoid the collisions, which must necessarily arise, or escape the charge of partiality? Müller may live at Berlin, and write the History of Switzerland; but a man must not dwell in the country of which he means to speak the truth; or at least he must have no connection with it. This is, to be sure, not much in favour of our liberality; but it nevertheless will be found true on the banks of the Spree, the Elbe, the Seine, and the Neva. London is perhaps a place (but only perhaps) where candour may speak uncontrouled. Karamsin too will give us no real history of Russia; and least of all will he give us that of recent times.

Neither does Karamsin, as far as I know him, possess the earnestness and penetration necessary towards historic research.

I had left my warm greatcoat behind me at Dorpat, thinking I should have no further use for it, but the frost several times convinced me that I was mistaken. The inns are very bad indeed, almost to be compared with those in Poland; and our driver apparently took us to such as afforded better refreshment for his horses than his passengers. Under these circumstances I adhered, according to the contract which I had made respecting the young man placed under my care, to his basket of provisions, and did my best both as to the care of him and myself.

At Jewe I paid a short visit to Provost Koch, the tutor of Kotzebue's children; but could not remain long enough to take a view of the various ancient and modern curiosities of the neighbourhood. Its appearance is not very prepossessing, and the old stories about the dangers of an adjoining wood did not improve my opinion of it. Colonel Eckermann, with his massy stables, which he seems to have built with the idea of their remaining several centuries after the day of judgment, may appear to the good folks of that country a pleasant sociable entertaining man; but neither he nor his stable could detain me. I had again assumed my character of pedestrian, and had seated myself in the wood for the purpose of washing my feet in a little stream. "What are you doing there, good man?" called a long-bearded Russian to me, as he passed. I could not exactly recollect the answer in Russian, and while endeavouring to do this, my appearance was probably singular enough, for I was stirring the cold water with my naked feet. "My God!" said he to his companion, "the poor man has lost his senses."

The bath had, nevertheless, an excellent effect upon my feet, and I walked with increasing activity. The estate of Baron Arps, at Waimar near Narva, is beautifully laid out: this nobleman was known, in his time, to the gentry of the North as a rich money-negociator. Not far from his domain, we slept in a solitary public house, close to an old church, which was by some called Saint Peter's, and by others the Swedish church. Buildings were erecting here, and the house was full of Russian workmen, who were drinking, singing and dancing with the utmost joviality and good-humour. Two brothers particularly distinguished themselves, one of whom affectionately forced the other to swallow brandy till he was quite intoxicated. "You are no brother of mine," said he, "you're a good-for-nothing-fellow, why, you can't drink." The other poor devil had thrown himself on a bed with his full cargo, which the heroic brother would not allow, but brought him out of his retreat, and continued to follow him with the glass in his hand.

As a characteristic feature of the legal establishment, as well as the liberality which prevails among those who are in possession of power, in Livonia, I frequently observed a whip hanging against the wall. "That comprehends the law of our country," said a person to me, who perceived that I was looking attentively at the instrument. "We have no other, and need no other." These gentry speak from their heart when they say this; for they really wish that no other law existed, and generally act as if it really were so.

At Narva I did not see the water-fall; for I was again in a public carriage, and it travelled with too much speed. This is the consequence of a man's not being independently on foot. The circumstance rather vexed me afterwards; for according to the description, and the general appearance of the country it must be very fine. The Narva, as is known, conveys the water of Peipus into the Baltic, or Gulf of Finland. To judge from the situation, there must be more such unnavigable parts in the Narva or the natural canal; and it is worthy of consideration whether by breaking open and cleansing different parts, the whole river might not be made serviceable for the purposes of navigation. At present it is not so beyond the town of Narva. The navigation of the river would, in this case, be the least advantage thereby acquired; for it appears to me that by breaking through the rocks the water would rush from above with greater impetuosity towards the large lake, by which means considerable tracts of land would be gained to the right and left of the Peipus, in Livonia and towards Pleskow. The morass round the lake would, at all events, disappear; and the lake would still remain large enough for the purposes of a fishery, which is the only advantage at present derived from it by the adjacent district. In Russia, greater works than this have been undertaken, and successfully executed. I merely throw this out as a hint, the practicability of which can only be ascertained by more minute investigation.

Gamburg does not become a place of consequence, notwithstanding exertions on the part of the late governments, and its advantageous situation on the river. The surrounding country is barren, and how can large towns flourish in a desert? If no other unusual circumstances interfere, towns will only be found to increase in proportion to the cultivation of the country. The rigid mode in which the duties are collected is also detrimental to the progress and prosperity of such young colonies. According to my conviction, Russia should allow a free unfettered trade for at least the next century, and would find her advantage in such a measure, for what she lost in one article she would gain in another doubly; and such a liberal policy could not fail

to be advantageous to general cultivation. Neither would the crown be thereby much injured in its revenues; and surely the government should not refuse a small sacrifice for the general good. The principal condition of a new arrangement might be that all foreign articles should, as far as possible, be imported in Russian bottoms. But then again a prosperous extent of shipping is not to be expected without personal freedom. In other states, where cultivation is much more forward, and the inhabitants must be supported by their own great exertions, far other notions prevail on the subject of trade than those of Russia.

Koskolowa is the only good inn between Narva and Petersburgh, with the exception of a few post-houses. This country is certainly poorer than Livonia, yet it has a better appearance. The houses are not such dismal smoky dens; they have in general cheerful windows, which here and there exhibit neat workmanship and are painted; chimneys too are frequently to be seen. These improvements speak in favour of the noblemen whose estates are contiguous. But the principal reason probably is, that many Russians live here; and they are always more industrious, and will not suffer themselves to be reduced to so low a state of degradation as the Livonians and Esthonians.

We took the road of Ropscha and Strelna, in preference to that of Krasno Selo. Strelna, where the castle of the Grand Duke Constantine is situated, lies pleasantly enough between Cronstadt and Petersburgh. Cultivation evidently improves after leaving Cronstadt. From Strelna a great number of country houses may be seen to the right, which belong to persons of distinction at the capital, and for the last six versts to that place an uninterrupted chain of them extends on both sides. No great city in Europe possesses, within my knowledge, such a vicinity as Petersburgh can boast on this side. It is, however, only on this side; the others are from circumstances not near so full. The entrance into the city itself is not so grand by land as a person is apt to expect after such a display of magnificent villas; but the approach by water either up or down the river is striking and perhaps unique. He who has been upon the Neva above and below, and has taken a few walks on the quay and the banks of the river, may with truth assert that he has seen the most magnificent part of Petersburgh, and in every respect the one most deserving of notice. I do not, therefore, think that Englishman the silliest of eccentrics, who, having read an account of Petersburgh, set sail from London, arrived, examined the quay and the balustrades at the Summer-garden, stepped into the boat again, and returned home. To behold this new and powerful capital, then, in her greatest splendour, it is necessary to come by water, which I did not. I had this

advantage, however, that the city constantly improved upon me, which of course could not be the case with those who see it first from the river.

It is not much, in my way, as you know, to be astonished by cities, provinces, men and their splendor; but where any thing great and good arrests my eye, I look at it with respect. My mind seldom rises to a pitch of admiration; but on this occasion it did. I reflected that where palaces and monuments now stand, which may be boldly reckoned among the greatest to be found, where crowds of people now jostle one another, where luxury and magnificence now prevail, and where a colossal power has fixed its throne——there, but a century ago, was nothing but a huge morass, with the huts of a few fishermen. This is surely great. And good too? That is another question. It will perhaps be Alexander's lot to make that good, which is already great. Should he atchieve this, he will himself be greater than his ancestors. Petersburgh is larger than Vienna and Berlin; and is become thus large in a single century. The Russian, in the warmth of his patriotism, deems it better than Paris and Rome. In this he is right, but only to a certain extent; when the great work shall be completed, he will be quite right.

It is to be lamented that when such noble opportunities occurred for the exercise of real taste, it should have been found wanting. There is not in Petersburgh a single church, which possesses the perfections naturally expected in an edifice of that description at such a place. The church of St. Isaac is in its exterior appearance a heavy ill-formed heap of marble, on which science would now be thrown away. The church which they are building has the disadvantage of being too near the canal, and consequently must have a damp foundation, even if its appearance be improved by the removal of the neighbouring buildings. As far as can be judged from present appearances, it will be large and showy; but simplicity joined with the sublime and beautiful, I have not yet been able to discover. Nothing but a blind national partiality can make any one imagine that it will rival St. Peter's at Rome. The quay on the Neva is unique, as far as my knowledge extends; and the pillars on the balustrade of the Summer-garden are perhaps only to be equalled, either in ancient or modern art, by the columns of the Pantheon at Rome. The shaft of some of them is formed from a single block. Paris can shew nothing equal to these; but I do not, on that account, assert that Petersburgh is a finer city than Paris. It is so in particular points; but on the whole Paris certainly excels it, and Rome is superior to both; principally from the grandeur of its ancient remains.

It is to be wished that the Summer-garden were bounded on the other two sides as it is on one by the Michaelow Palace, and on

the other by the Neva, even if it were not on the extensive scale of the latter. The Castle Place at Petersburgh is undoubtedly the finest and largest in Europe, whatever may be said against its want of uniformity. The grand parade held there is in every respect superior to that in front of the Tuilleries at Paris, whether we consider the number and appearance of the men, or the manner in which the whole is conducted. If there be better warriors on the Seine, it is only because they are animated by a better spirit. I have examined both with attention, and speak without prejudice according to my conviction. I have been highly gratified at beholding that amiable handsome young man the Emperor Alexander, while he has fearlessly and with an open friendly mien devoid of ostentation passed to and from parade through an immense crowd of mingled classes and nations, without its being necessary that any one should have a ticket of permission to be near him. The Castle Place has indeed lost a considerable part of its size from the promenade formed round the Admiralty; yet is it still the largest that I have seen in any city, not excepting St. Peter's Place at Rome. Even this promenade was an undertaking which at other places would have excited astonishment. The mere labour of levelling, and raising the ground so as to pass over canals, was a labour which would have been attended with considerable difficulties in other capitals; and I even now can hardly conjecture how such a number of the most beautiful lime-trees and of so considerable a size can have been collected in so short a time, and in such a climate as that of Petersburgh. The stems of them are all guarded by moss to a considerable height against the inclemency of the atmosphere; besides which they are securely propped, and tended with great care. In a few years, under such management, this will certainly be one of the most beautiful walks to be met with.

He, who stands at the gate of the Admiralty, and looks to the three principal points of perspective, certainly enjoys a view, which probably cannot be equalled in all Europe. The Newsky prospect is the most extensive and handsome. This street is so broad that the Emperor Paul caused a fine walk of limes to be made through the middle of it for those on foot, and yet three large carriages may conveniently pass together on each side of it. There are several other streets, which are not much narrower. The Million, formerly so famed, is now hardly accounted one of the principal streets, much as it is distinguished by the splendour of several buildings here and there. The inhabitants of Petersburgh, like all other patriotic enthusiasts, are more proud of these beauties than they have any occasion to be. "Is not this the largest and most beautiful

street that can be imagined?" was a question put to me. "Yes," was my answer, "it will be so, when finished." The folks stared at me, and I was obliged to point out that the irregularity of the buildings destroyed any magnificent effect. I was asked where such effect then existed. "The Toledo at Naples," answered I, "consists entirely of buildings formed according to the nicest rules of regularity, all of which are at least equal to the handsomest here, and some of them still more so. The side of the haven at Messina too is, even in ruins, as handsome and large as the best street in Petersburgh."

I grant that these remarks were not very polite, but they were true, and in answer to questions not sought by me. By the way, I will here observe that perhaps all Italy cannot produce a street equal to that near the harbour at Messina even in its present state. The Field of Mars, as it is called (between the Marble Palace, the Michaelow Palace and the large and small Summer-gardens) is, to be sure, diminutive compared with that at Paris; but it has the advantage of being in the centre of the city. The brazen statue of Suwarrow at the end of it is certainly not a good specimen of the art according to ancient rules, yet it is not to be absolutely despised, as some persons pretend. It was a mistaken notion, like many others on the part of the Emperor Paul, after Catharine's undertaking, to erect another statue of Peter the First, in which he aimed at expressing the character of calm magnanimity, and failed. The effect is harsh, cold and forced. The inscription too is far-fetched, and by no means to be compared with the other. On this we read, "To the father of our forefathers"—on the other, "To Peter the First, Catharine the Second."

I had just entered into a pleasant friendly discourse with my landlord and friend, when a tall solemn man entered with a countenance mournful and abounding with character. He threw his hat and stick carelessly upon a table, and silently walked several times up and down the room. It was Klinger, and he was just come from the empress. "Gentlemen," said he, in a tone of heartfelt sensibility, "Schiller is dead!" It will be long before Klinger can make himself dearer to me than he was from the tone with which he uttered this, though he could not have brought me more unwelcome intelligence. It breathed the true sympathy of one worthy man when speaking of another. The grand duchess Maria of Weimar had not lost a moment in communicating the mournful tidings with every little attendant circumstance to her mother at Petersburgh; and never probably was one of their national poets so universally lamented on the banks of the Neva as Schiller. How great, then, must

be the sorrow of his relatives, his friends, and his grateful country!

At this time I began to enter into a dispute with myself how I was to pass the remaining part of my summer. I should have liked to proceed along the Bothnian Gulph, and traverse the country northward, that I might at the end of June have seen the sun at midnight from Torneo. But it was too early—I should have been obliged to take too hasty a leave of my friends on the Neva, and besides could not have taken a trip to visit those at Moscow. Now it happened that I would rather see my friends there than the sun at midnight, which I hope the latter will forgive, as I can perhaps take another opportunity of paying my respects to him. I packed in my old knapsack as many articles as I thought I should want, obtained a post-pass, took my seat in a *droschke*, and proceeded by way of Zarsko Selo to Sophia. There I found that I had been directed a wrong road, and should have turned off to the left at six versts distance. The landlord too, according to his fixed regulation of stages, would supply me with horses to Little Russia, but not to Moscow. My Jemtschik or hired driver would not on any account be persuaded to take me another stage towards Moscow, and at length demanded for the use of his lean nag and half-broken vehicle four rubles, after bringing me only eleven versts. This exorbitant Jewish trick galled me not a little, and the people seemed to think I was in their power, and must pay their demand at all events. But such was not the case. I threw my knapsack over my shoulder with an air of defiance, and walked boldly forth towards Ischora, a spectacle which appeared to the inhabitants singular enough. At Ischora the postmaster squinted at me and my equipage from every side; but on shewing my post-pass, he granted horses without hesitation.

And now I had to encounter such a road as no description can convey an adequate idea of; and it continued almost without intermission to Moscow. It seemed to be composed of the very roughest materials which could be collected, and the carriage which was intended for a post-*kibitke* was nothing but a strong open car fastened close upon the axle-tree, which caused it to shake the whole frame violently at every jolt. I requested to have some hay or straw; but it was rarely to be met with; so that I could only place myself in the least inconvenient position, and submit to my fate. The common Russian seems to have bones of iron, and drives furiously forward over deep ruts and large stones, without asking or caring whether the traveller is in pain or not. On such an occasion it is necessary to be provided with belts and trusses. I fixed my hands in my sides with all my

might, and held my breast-bone fast that it might not be broken. When I had proceeded a few stages in this manner, the carriage, except in a few cases of very violent concussion, seemed easier in some degree, not because any improvement had taken place in the road, but because I was more inured to it. In point of decay, I can now compare myself with Shakspeare's tanner, and should probably last you still longer, from the toughness of my hide. I understand that the Russian couriers have a dread of this road, and call it according to their idiom, *le tremblement de cul*, an expression which the nicety of the French language only allows, unless it were rendered into Aristophanic Greek, in which case it might perhaps be equally well understood by the term Pygisma. The couriers, however, defend themselves against the roughness of the road by strong broad girdles, and a leathern seat which they strap to the carriage, and which is to be bought at Petersburgh for ten rubles. This I did not learn till I returned.

At Ischora, an old woman took a seat in the carriage without ceremony, and talked as long as the rattling of it would allow a single word to be understood. The good dame made bitter complaints against the hard times, and consoled herself as well as she could by swallowing nearly a bottle of brandy during the journey. At the next stage I met with a young man, who was going my way, and proposed that we should travel together, which I gladly agreed to, for it would, at all events, supply me with society. We proceeded, each with a horse and half; as we only used three between us. His luggage too was convertible into an easier seat than I before had. He left me at Novgorod, and with him the fine weather.

LETTER V.

PETERSBURGH, 13*th July*, 1805.

ALREADY returned from Moscow, and on the point of leaving Petersburgh too! This argues too much expedition for a well-regulated tour. Granted. I make no claim to regularity; and I dare say you are always glad when you reach the end of my narratives. At Novgorod we can now only see the extensive field of former grandeur. The castle seems to be a relic of the times of the Hanseatic League, and is of great extent. At a distance the town has an appearance of consequence, but when examined, it is rather a desolate spot. There is no want of churches; but lamentable dearth of good populous streets. There are on all sides so many large bare places, that I almost believe the in-

habitants might grow their corn and all other provisions without going out of the gates. Whither are the times flown, when the proverb existed: "Who can withstand God and Novgorod?"

At Bronnitza I dried my clothes, and proceeded.

At Krestzy I joined an officer of Cossacks, who with his long-bearded friend and brother, a common Cossack, was ordered to the province of Caucasus. We travelled together, though in different carriages. The Cossack endeavoured to inspire me with some fears as to the safety of the road, and in general did not speak very favourably of the Russians. Whenever he saw, or thought he saw any thing improper, he piously observed, "Ay, these are Russian manners." According to his ideas, justice, reason, liberty, and honesty, indeed Paradise itself, were only to be found in his native country, which his long-bearded servant the private always confirmed with great gravity. He had, however, a general knowledge of the army and the generals, of whom he recited many anecdotes. I must do him the justice to say that his opinions were on several subjects rational and sound; indeed he seemed to be a very humane worthy man. His health was not very good, on which account I travelled somewhat slower; and yet I travelled from Petersburgh to Moscow, a distance of a hundred German miles, in less than five days.

The country between Petersburgh and Ischora is in a tolerable state of cultivation; but from the latter through Tosna to Podborre, almost a hundred versts both on the right and left are covered with wood, which made the road solitary and tedious. At Podborre, where some hills shew themselves, the country opens on both sides, and at Novgorod, it becomes, especially towards the river on the left, tolerably pleasant. I wish the buildings, which give this district a cultivated appearance, were not cloisters. It is wearisome and unpleasant to travel so many miles on the main road, without any by-roads attracting your eye; a certain sign that cultivation is in a very backward state to a considerable distance. I have much greater pleasure in seeing a solitary humble cottage here and there than the stately convents, which are supported by these cottages. Near Saizowa and Krestzy the country is in an improved state, but no where in a really good one. It is true that there are several large and handsome villages on the road; but only a small portion of land is appropriated to agricultural purposes, and woods are to be seen on all sides.

I had the good fortune to see the country people in a tolerable district, engaged in the celebration of their Whitsuntide feast. All was mirth, joy, and jubilee; but in no instance did I see

any impropriety of conduct, if I except a few oaths peculiar to the country, which were not of the most delicate nature. The dress of the happy people was very cleanly, and exhibited good taste; in several instances it was rather costly. There is indisputably no dress more inconvenient and devoid of taste than that which is worn by country women in most of the German provinces. The young Russian boors, on this occasion, stalked along in the full sensation of their vigour, as if they would storm a battery directly, were it necessary. Few countries produce a race so lively, courageous, and athletic. All gave way to mirth, and the national propensity to drinking was in several instances very conspicuous, but without any of the bad consequences which are elsewhere to be dreaded. I neither saw a battle, nor heard a dispute. In Podborre, two lads were supporting a grey-beard, whose legs failed him. "Well, father," said one of them, "to-day you're drunk too." "I drunk?" answered the old schoolmaster with the look of Silenus, while he leaned on the other lad, and stroked his long beard, "I'm not drunk." "Why, you can't walk," rejoined his accuser. "Not walk, my boy! Well this is a feast-day, and a man may be a little top-heavy, but drunk I am not." Thus he reeled on, with his two supporters, to the great entertainment of the rest.

It is a blessing to be again among men, who have the courage to feel that they are men. The villages here are, to be sure, all built of wood; but they are handsome and large, exhibiting an appearance of comfort. The gable-ends stand chiefly towards the road; the windows are cheerful and the roofs project, to guard the building from the weather. I have seen several boors houses standing square to the road, with eight neat windows in a row, half of which were ornamented with white curtains. Most of them have a balcony one story high, which gives the whole front a lively gay appearance. On some of these balconies, I have seen busts of the present emperor and empress.

Jaschelbiza is itself on high ground, and yet from that place there is an uninterrupted rise to Sigomore, or Winter-mountain, by the road of Walday, among the hills, which take their name from it. These hills are the most populous district between Petersburgh and Moscow. An unfavourable report was made to me of it, but I cannot subscribe to the truth of that report. Even at the foot of these hills, I was welcomed by the note of the nightingale, and other birds that enliven the groves of my native land. I must confess that the effect on me was powerful; for I had very seldom heard this since I left Germany. I met with good water here too, which I had not found for some time. The

climate was, to be sure, cold on the heights, but the villages were numerous on every side, and by no means despicable. I can remember several points, from which I counted eight villages in sight, which had never before been the case, since I entered Russia. I was pleased with the humanity of my driver, who was a native of the neighbourhood of Simogore. It was a cold cutting morning. The name of the district speaks for itself—Winter mountain. It is somewhat higher than our own near Dresden. I had nothing but my usual clothing, having, while at Dorpat, trusted too much to the mildness of the weather. I made no complaint; but my good Russian from Simogore brought me a large bundle of straw, and a warm sheep's-skin coat. The man's friendly conduct made my heart within as warm as my body, and we drove rapidly past some lakes straight down to Jedrowa.

Between Krestzy and Simogore, and also beyond the latter place, are a number of small conical hillocks, such as are also to be seen in various parts of Germany. They are apparently raised by human labour, and the inhabitants of the district merely tell you, that "the ancient great people lie under them." They are probably in Russia, as with us, the burial-place of some great commander, or of several warriors, who fell in the same battle. In modern times too it has been customary, after battles, to bury the dead in this manner.

In Russia, the traveller takes no money but paper and copper. The latter is as troublesome as the former is convenient, especially to any one who is not very attentive. I had changed a note at Krestzy, and had received as part of it, a heavy sack containing eleven rubles in copper. This I placed on the floor of the carriage. The postillion, soon after, by my permission, took up an old man from Petersburgh, and a girl from Torschok. He drove with neck-breaking fury; and at the next stage, when I wanted to pay for some refreshment, the great purse of copper was gone. At first, I was somewhat out of humour, and formed suspicions as to my associates; but when I found a large hole in the floor of the carriage, which had been evidently made by the weight of my treasure, I acknowledged the honesty of my companions, and laughed heartily at the adventure, congratulating myself on the loss being no greater. The people stared at me with great astonishment, when they saw me so jocose upon such a subject; but surely a loss of this kind is not worthy of much vexation. I abused the postillion, for putting me into such a crazy vehicle; for which abuse, he received five copeks more to drink away the lecture.

Wischney Wolotschok is known as a town of commerce by its canal; nor is Torschok devoid of importance. All the stages beyond these places, are far from being unpleasant.

Twer has the advantage of a very good inn, where the charges too are very reasonable; and this advantage is a greater comfort to the traveller in those parts than you perhaps suppose. The Volga produces good fish here, and you may be sure that I took care to be supplied with them. Near Klin, is a very pleasant change of hill and dale, perhaps the best on the whole road. Here I ate with hearty appetite, the last piece of a couple of roasted woodcocks, which my good hostess at Petersburgh had packed in my knapsack. I remarked here, that the horses were small, and the carriages not unlike those in Lithuania and Esthonia. Beyond Pesky, which stands on a bleak eminence, the road was pleasant enough at intervals, to the last stage Czernaja Grahs, which name signifies Black-mire. The weather and the appearance of the street fully justified the appellation.

The finest entrance into Moscow, is over the hills from Pleskow, on the opposite sides of the city. The whole of this great ancient singular capital is seen from this point to advantage; whereas, on the Petersburgh side all is level, and woods both on the right and left obstruct the view. On the left, at a distance of a few versts from the city, stands the new Imperial Castle, which has more the appearance of a large citadel, than the palace of an emperor. At the gates of the city, I took leave of my companions the Cossacks, who continued their journey. Having advanced a few rubles for them on the road, I supposed rather precipitately, that I should be repaid in the style of a Cossack; and had accordingly resolved to take no notice of the debt, but the worthy man dischargad it very honourably. My postillion now drove me up and down a multitude of streets, till we reached Nicholas-street, where I alighted at a German inn, opposite the Greek Cloister, to which I had been directed at the last stage, but where, except the landlord and tapster, no one spoke German.

The soil near Wischney Wolotschok is sandy; with this exception, the country between Petersburg and Moscow, is all capable of great improvement by diligence. The next morning, I sought my former friends, from whom as well as from others, I received such patriarchal hospitality, that during my stay of a week, I eat nothing at my inn, except breakfast once or twice; and to all appearance such would have been the case, had I remained there eight weeks, for the circle of my acquaintance was continually increasing. It is my custom, in common with Kuttner, always, when I can, to climb the heights for the sake of prospect. I went, one afternoon, to the top of the tower of Iwan Weliky, where you have a kind of prospect, which is not to be seen from the Pantheon and Montmartre in Paris. Moscow is considerably larger in circumference than Paris,

although the number of its inhabitants is much smaller. This tower stands on a small eminence near the river, and in the middle of the city; besides which it is the highest of any, so that from this spot you can overlook all the surrounding beauties. It is constantly open to the public, and is guarded above by a single centinel, who is relieved from below. It must certainly have been a most rare and magnificent scene, when last year a storm gathered on the left side of the town towards the Imperial gardens, and burst in three loud peals of thunder, while at the same time, in an opposite quarter of the city, the sun shone in all his splendour, and Garnerin ascended into the air amidst the shouts of hundreds and thousands. At the foot of the tower, lies, at a considerable depth in the earth, the well-known large bell, and a few hundred paces from it, stands under cover among several others, the equally well-known large cannon, a curiosity which so forcibly struck a Gottingen surgeon, who was going to reside on the estates of the Prince Kurakin, that he considered the moment when he saw it as the happiest of his life, to which he added, that of having written his name on the great bell. Indeed! thought I, and at this moment, I grant that I was not without fears for those who happened to be ill on the estates of Prince Kurakin.

In Moscow, there is a singular mixture of New Grecian half oriental appearance, and of the more modern improved architecture of Italy. The most curious fabric is the cathedral, which, in point of gold and precious stones, probably excels every other church of Christendom. All the internal ornaments are of solid gold. Most of the images are indeed, for the honour of the art, best concealed by this metal; still there were some, of which I regretted that the gold hardly allowed me to see the nose. If that be *nimbus*, it certainly is no where so thick as here. St. Peter's at Rome is a pauper compared with these saints.

The other treasures of the Kreml, namely, its valuable antiques, were locked up on account of some repairs, and to inspect them a special permission must have been obtained from the governor general, about which, I did not care to trouble myself. There was one article which I should like to have seen, and this was the bell of Novgorod, a greater curiosity to me, than any other of the huge bells at Moscow, Erfurt, or elsewhere. This was the bell with which the mighty lords of the Hause roused the warriors of Novgorod to arms, and the sound of which was, for a long time, terror and death to the Russians. That was the period when the proverb originated, "Who can resist God and Novgorod?" After the final reduction of the city, this bell was naturally brought to Moscow, as a trophy of victory, and is now properly looked

upon as a national curiosity. I was credibly informed that at the commencement of the present emperor's reign, an order was issued, through the representation of the governor general, that all the useless heavy articles, which only tended to fill the state buildings, and convert them into lumber-rooms, should be sold. Among the rest, the bell of Novgorod was to share this fate, had not the commandant of the Kreml opposed it with his utmost force, and threatened to defend it by his grenadiers, till a special order for this particular purpose should be obtained of the emperor. His majesty, on the matter being explained, commanded, as you will naturally suppose, that the bell should remain in its present situation. The commandant was a brave worthy man, who dared to do what seemed right, at the risk of any consequences which might result from his mistake. If an alarm were to be sounded, the bell of Novgorod would not be wanted. This Alexander knows, and acts in such a manner that no one will ever think of sounding any against him.

The Foundling Hospital at this place is an institution, with which, probably no other of the kind can be compared; and extensive as is the establishment, the most exemplary regularity appears to pervade the whole, as far as I could judge from a short visit. The buildings are in a tolerably open and healthy situation for a large city. One of the superintendants assured me, that the institution possessed at present a fund of twenty millions, and had above thirty-six millions in circulation; the whole of which has been amassed from private contributions.

The Hospital, founded by the family of Goliziu, is perhaps on too splendid a plan, for the invalids actually have sumptuous treatment. Almost a hundred are there provided for; but the establishment seems principally intended for the higher orders; persons, indeed, of moderate circumstances, would here be absolutely spoiled, and might adopt the notion of never being well again as long as they lived. The apothecary's offices are on a better footing, than I ever saw elsewhere; and the chapel is remarkable for taste and propriety. From its cupola, there is a most beautiful view, and the buildings are all in an excellent open situation. The steward of the house was a very polite friendly man, but the want of memory on the part of the physician seemed to me rather extraordinary; for on our enquiring what kind of patients occupied one of the rooms, he repeated the enquiry to an attendant. I hope that this was only want of memory.

One day we crossed the Moscow, and ascended the heights called the Sparrow-hills, where the vegetation is very luxuriant, and the country not inferior to many a district of Switzerland. From these hills, we commanded a prospect of the whole valley

in and near which the city is built. It is quite an amphitheatre, and one of the most striking you can imagine. Those, who are well acquainted with local points, can distinguish every thing, even to the other side, where the imperial gardens and the German suburbs are. I enjoyed here a moment which was dear to my feelings, and which can occur but seldom. There are, I am told, nearly six hundred churches in Moscow. The churches are full of towers; and the towers full of bells. I counted seven towers on many, and it is rarely that one is to be seen in Russia with fewer than three; on which account, the true believers began to smell heresy, because St. Isaac's at Petersburgh had but two. It was a fine clear still afternoon, and a gentle breeze floated over the city. The following day was to be a festival, and the eve of it was now to be celebrated by every church in the city. Fancy what a sound would be created, when I tell you that some of them have more than twenty bells: but you cannot—nor can I give you any idea of the stunning effect; it reminded me, as it would you, of the dreadful day at Warsaw, when bells and cannon joined in concert.

The Moscow is here about as wide as the Tiber at Rome, or rather wider than the Saal at Bärenburg. In our party was the counsellor of state Schubert, who is going with the embassy to China, in the capacity of astronomer. It is long since I have seen a young man, who combines so much useful knowledge with so much modesty and polished manners as his son, an officer of the general staff, who accompanies his father, and promises to become under his guidance an ornament of society. The violence of the motion, on my journey from Petersburgh to this place, had broken the spring of my watch, which was no wonder, when I travelled in such a vehicle; for I now learnt that the same had occurred to Schubert and another officer, though they were in an English carriage hung on springs. The watchmaker at Moscow honestly told me, that the same must happen as I returned, and advised me to defer the repairs till I reached Petersburgh again, which I accordingly did.

Many of the old buildings of the Kreml have been taken down, and others erected more in conformity to modern taste. The government-house stands prominent in this respect. The only ones, which will probably remain for many centuries to come, are the tower of Iwan Weliky, and the cathedral. The Kreml can no longer be considered as a fortress, though it may still be considered a good post in case of insurrection, as it stands on high ground. Since the last attack of the plague, there have been no disturbances in this city; and even these are known to have rather originated from the fanaticism excited by the unhappy times than from any discontent as to

the government. The public here are indisputably the richest and most liberal on the face of the earth. There are, to my knowledge, several families which possess an annual income of about 500,000 rubles; some have still more. The court has very little influence on the old capital. The people at Moscow care little what is going forward at Petersburgh, except in those families, which are connected with some branch of administration.

The university here is, like the one at Dorpat, in its infancy, though much longer established. It also meets with more encouragement, as the Russian nobility is much more refined and liberal than the Livonian has yet shewn itself to be. Demidow and Urussow have presented their choice collections to the museum of the university, and Fischer is at present engaged in the arrangement of them. They contain treasures and rarities of all kinds, and are particularly rich in serpents. It is intended to make an advantageous exchange of the duplicates for other curiosities, and connections have been formed in every quarter for this purpose. Fischer is known to be a man competent to the task he has undertaken, and will not be wanting in diligence and application. Goldbach is obliged to build his own observatory, for which a very convenient and pleasant situation is allotted in the botanic garden. The old and new professors live together, as I observed, in good understanding with each other; and the rector, who had secured his office in perpetuity, has been obliged by the new regulations to resign it, that an annual appointment may be made by a regular election. The old gentleman, who has the credit of being a good pedagogue, and writes very curious Latin, made a few wry faces on the occasion, and defended the possession of his office not ill by declaring that no law could have a retro-active operation; he was compelled, however, to yield to the united votes of his brethren, the authority of the curator, and the letter of the law. A Russian literary journal has been established, to which the new professors contribute their labours in foreign languages, and these are afterwards translated under the inspection of some person conversant with the subject. Of course a few *quid-pro-quos* now and then occur; but they merely excite a laugh and are forgotten. The university contains at present about two hundred and fifty students, among whom many are stipendiaries; a very small total number for the chief city of such an enormous empire. It is, nevertheless, better in this respect than it was twenty years ago, when there was not half the number of students, though Moscow might then be called the only university in Russia. The new professors are tolerably satisfied with the previous attainments of the young men, who all ex-

press themselves respectably in Latin. Buhle told me that he has had sixty auditors; but several of them did not belong to the university, as private persons were in the habit of attending his lectures. Almost every one likes to hear a discourse on philosophy, if well delivered. The professors, who came from Germany, are unanimous in their praises of the friendly reception and kind treatment which they experienced from the Russians as well as Germans long settled here, and this from all ranks. They can also, as they themselves report, live comfortably and in tolerable style on their salary of two thousand rubles, as most of the necessaries of life may be had at Moscow on reasonable terms; far more so than at Dorpat, where the population is limited, and consists of either very rich or quite poor persons, and where any article not of the most common kind is either unattainable, or only to be procured at a very high rate.

Karamsin was in the country, consequently I could not see him. If he be not an historian, he is still an interesting worthy man, and a good poet. I formed two other desirable acquaintance, Pause, a man deeply versed in literature, and Heym, who has distinguished himself by his knowledge of the Russian language, and is here the oracle of foreigners, often too of the Russians themselves. Both are good-humoured cheerful companions.

Klinger went on one day to Dorpat, and I on the next to Moscow. Schubert departed for Kasan on one day, and I on the next for Petersburgh. The roads soon informed me where I was, and I had only the consolation of knowing that my watch could not be put out of order again. This time I so far travelled alone, that an old man or woman, whom I now and then allowed to be taken up, were my only companions.

At Gorodnaja, where I was very thirsty, the people brought me a beverage, which they distinguished by the name of free-beer—thus called, because they had themselves been allowed to brew it, which seemed to cause as much delight, as if every one of them had gained a fortune. Such a good-natured grateful creature is man, when some uncommon impulse of justice procures for him one of his original natural rights. Those entrusted with the government of a country may have weighty reasons connected with the welfare of the state for enacting particular limitations in certain branches of trade, the unlimited exercise of which might be detrimental to society at large. It must, perhaps, be allowed, that brewing falls under this description. But the practice, which prevails in several parts of Germany, where whole communities are absolutely compelled to procure their beverage from this or that particular brewery,

and are thus supplied with the most miserable article at any price which the vender chooses to affix, is an oppression bordering upon slavery, and, with respect to its influence on the constitution, indefensible. But who consults his conscience on such occasions? The treasury must be supplied, the bayonet glitters, and reason must be silent.

As I entered Twer, a young man was seated with a party not far from the Volga, and sung in a pleasing voice the old French air, "*Oh Mahomet, ton paradis de femmes est le sejour de la felicité.*" I forget whether you know the music—it is one of the liveliest airs ever composed even by a Frenchman. The notes were still vibrating on the drum of my ear, when I arrived at the gate, where the centinel treated me with a counterpart, which he bellowed loudly forth, and the burden of which frequently repeated, was droll enough, after what I had just heard: "*I ya schenilsa kak durak.*" I took a wife, and was a fool.

Between Twer and Medno I scarcely did any thing but ruminate on the dissimilarity of these songs; and as I had no occasion to travel at the pace of a courier, I suited my convenience by fixing my quarters for the night at Leipzig; for on entering Torschok, the sign of the City of Leipzig held forth its friendly invitation to me; and indeed as I went to Moscow, I had made up my mind that this should be a resting-place as I returned. The sign seemed to indicate that the house was kept by a German, but I did not hear a word of that language. By this, however, I lost nothing; for a good-humoured waiter provided me with every thing as good in its kind and as reasonable as I could have expected at Leipzig on the Pleisse.

At Wydropusk, I sustained a small loss, which caused me much pleasure. I have a very handsome seal, the execution of which is in Döll's best style, and for which, with the setting, I paid thirty dollars. This had by some means fallen from my watch-chain into the body of the carriage. It was natural that the loss could not be quite a matter of indifference to me, either on account of the value of the gold, or workmanship. I examined every thing as I thought, and found nothing. A number of stout Russians stood as usual round me. "I'll give any one two rubles, who brings me the seal again," said I, and went into the inn. The fellows directly began their search amidst much clamour, and turned every article over and over. At length, a shout announced their success, the seal was brought, and I paid my two rubles for it. I know that much may be said against the certainty of the transaction being as honest as it seemed; but it pleased me mightily, and I feel on such occasions and so much at home with the people, that I do not like to

leave them. It was doubly agreeable to me that these were common Russians, on whose honesty it is not usual to hear a panegyric.

Nothing had been heard of my bag full of copper, as I returned through the country where I had lost it.

The landlords of the post-houses are here only called in general postillions, and the men who drive *post-fellows*. The latter are boors; the former imperial officers, and often, as it appears, also boors. The driver is content with ten copekes for *drink money;* but what appeared to me most extraordinary was, that the post-masters also asked for *drink-money*. This custom began at Novgorod, and continued almost regularly through to Moscow. I must, however, allow that fifteen or even ten copekes seemed to satisfy them; still I could not reconcile it to my notions of propriety and honour that I should give the post-masters *drink-money*. Between Novgorod and Petersburgh no such application was made to me, which I was very glad of, both on their account and my own; for I disliked the meanness of the transaction exceedingly. If it be necessary, let the fare be raised, and the owner of the horses thus remunerate himself; for certainly no one can at present complain that the price paid for the use of post-horses in Russia is high. The dearest article on the whole road between Petersburgh and Moscow is probably coffee, which I took now and then medicinally, because I was travelling in the night, which otherwise chilled me. A common quantity cost in general a ruble, and in some instances ten copekes more. Sometimes, too, the landlords had, as they said, no copper to give in exchange for paper, and I was obliged to obtain it of the shop-keepers, they always deducting ten copekes for each note, which is absolutely lost to the traveller, and is, I understand, illegal; but, like many other illegal acts, it cannot be easily prevented.

On my return to Petersburgh, I found myself in very bad credit as to my expedition in travelling, for the Russians hurry over an immense tract of country in an almost incredibly short time; and in spite of my boasted activity, I found that in point of speed, I could not enter the lists against them.

Klinger was also returned from Dorpat, and you will easily believe that I availed myself, as far as possibility and propriety would allow, of his permission to be as much with him as possible; you will also believe that at these interviews, philosophical, literary and political discussions took place often enough, and that I reckon these hours among the best of my life. That we were not always of the same opinion follows of course, as well as that we both defended our own with tolerable obstinacy. When good men think alike as to main questions, it is the

seasoning of life to dispute a little about smaller considerations. Klinger was extremely gratified by his journey to Dorpat, which I was glad of, as well on his own account, as that of the institution and literature in general.

On St. John's day, according to the Russian calendar, I went with my host and old acquaintance Beck, the counsellor of state, to Pawlosk, principally for the purpose of calling on Storch. Beck introduced me to the Countess Lieven, who is governess to the imperial family, and whose son the general was a friend of mine in Poland, which I hope he still is, though it is long since I saw him. This lady has very properly gained the good opinion of all by her education of the amiable daughters of the imperial house, and I found her possessed of so much pure, friendly, affable, female character, that I almost forgot her connection with the court, and only fancied myself in the society of a worthy matron.

When sitting at table with the family of M. Block, a message was delivered that the empress mother would see me at her villa about seven o'clock. This was unexpected enough, and a glance at my dress added to my momentary confusion. Of course, however, I soon recollected myself, selected my best attire, and appeared at the stated time and place. I had received several hints as to the necessary ceremonies, to which I paid little attention, thinking that each step would easily be regulated by the preceding. The empress conversed with me nearly half an hour, at first about myself, my petty tours, and literary labours. Having heard of my attachment to the Greek authors, she particularly asked me why I had not undertaken a journey to Greece. "Through Italy, France, and Russia," answered I, "a man may travel with expedition, security, and pleasure; but to wander into Greece, as Greece *now* is, would be in every respect out of my power. Besides, I am not exactly an antiquary, or strictly speaking a literary man; but merely study the Greek authors for my own improvement, which I can probably better effect from the treasures of that nation at home, than if I were to visit Athens or Sparta."

The empress asked me many questions relative to Schiller, (whose death was still the conversation of the town,) and spoke with great respect of his writings, criticizing with such propriety, that even Schiller himself, had he heard the observations, would doubtless have profited by them. As I had always been on the most friendly footing with him, I could speak of his character with real warmth. "To me he appeared most amiable as a parent," said I, and related to the empress the circumstance of anxiety respecting his little daughter not allowing him to remain a few days longer in the circle

of his Saxon friends. He hastened to Weimar, and when I visited him a few weeks after, he appeared at his door with the little girl in his arms, and said, "Look, this is the little silly thing, that would not let me stay quietly with you." The child clung affectionately to his neck, and justified his assertion. This little narrative seemed not unpleasant to the empress. She made several remarks relative to our literature, and with a precision, clearness, and knowledge, which would probably have soon embarrassed me; for the empress has naturally more time and better means of reading and instructing herself than I have. She had perhaps heard that offers, and these rather tempting too, had been made to induce me to remain in Russia, and asked why I would not do this. I with great truth informed her, that my principal objection was an aged mother, whom I had left in my native country, to whom nothing would be an equivalent for my settling at a distance, and who, at her advanced period of life, would not be persuaded to forsake the spot on which she had grown old. "Your majesty," added I, "will give credit to the motive, as you are yourself a mother." "Nothing whatever can be said against it," answered she, with evident satisfaction.

Before I went away, she requested me to take a ride through the gardens, and ordered her attendants to shew me the villa. In all houses, whether they be palaces or huts, the inhabitants are to me the most interesting objects. Such was the case here. It is generally and justly supposed that there is no royal house in which more affability, goodness, and humanity prevail than in the imperial family of Russia. Even the late emperor Paul, as all impartial persons assure me, had the same turn, and enjoyed the entire affection of those connected with him, whatever might be his eccentricity and mistaken notions upon other points. Storch, as you know, has described the gardens at Pawlosk, after which it would be needless and improper for me to enter into a detailed account. The scale is rather a large one, the plantations are fine, the views and divisions laid out with taste, and the ornaments appropriate, without superfluity. Whatever the climate would allow, has here been effected by diligence; and no expence has been spared. As a curiosity, there are a few Italian poplars; but they must be defended against the severity of winter, by huge wooden cases and straw. They are the only trees of this kind, which I saw so far north. I cannot, therefore, conceive how Acerbi saw Italian poplars at Kengis, far beyond Torneo. He must have made a mistake in the kind. The group of Graces, which is the best ornament of the sort in the garden, appears to be by Canova. I could not learn this to a certainty, even

from Storch; but I do not know any other modern artist who could reach the execution.

In the palace, a small cabinet was to me the most attractive, though it contained but four paintings, a Belisarius, a Prodigal Son, a Madonna, probably by Raphael, and a Vernet Paul's Family, by Kügelgen, in another room, will perhaps be hereafter a family piece of the greatest value. The artist certainly possesses much merit, and the likenesses, according to the testimony of all acquainted with the imperial family, are uncommonly striking.

Storch pleased me more on personal acquaintance than through his writings. I suspected him of studying to adorn his subject; but he really and enthusiastically believes all he says. He is actually convinced that Alexander will create around him the Paradise, which a warm imagination beholds. No one can more fervently wish this than myself; no one will more sincerely rejoice at it; but hitherto I have found it impossible to be convinced of these fine things. The obstacles are gigantic. If he succeed in establishing solid boundaries of justice, he will have done more than Peter the First.

The music in the chapel at Pawlosk particularly attracted my attention. It is the only church music which I ever heard in my life, possessing the pure character of solemnity, dignity, and devotion. In our churches, a musical passage is every moment occurring, which makes me fancy myself at the opera-house, and consequently inspires an improper sensation. Nothing is more sacred to me than real pure religion; and the more sacred to me the more seldom I meet with it. The merit of having adapted the music so happily to the purposes of religion, belonges to a single man whose name has escaped me; but I revere him in as high a degree as Mozart, whom I esteem the best composer out of the church.

The other day, I received a ticket of admittance to the family-theatre of the empress, at which a French opera was to be performed on the birth-day of the grand-duke Nicholas. The performers were come from Petersburgh. The selection of music was but indifferent, and the singing not unexceptionably good. I was most pleased with the friendly intermixture of society, if I may so term it. It was only a family festival, at which the whole imperial house was present, accompanied by all who held any office at court, and as many persons of decent appearance as had opportunities of procuring tickets. Every thing had an appearance devoid of constraint. The emperor came, sat, and walked away without any guard. Not a bayonet was to be seen. There was merely the usual number of police-officers at the doors. This is a confidence which is sure to gain its end.

I did not go to Gatschina, because I had not time; though to judge by the country it is probably the most interesting of all the imperial palaces, except Peterhof. The greatest magnificence prevails at Zarsko Selo, as I am told; but of this I myself am hardly a judge, as I seldom bestow the necessary attention on any thing of this kind. To the artist this palace is interesting, because it contains in a kind of portico almost every good production of the Russian artists, whether original or copied. Having been built by the first Catharine, and enlarged as well as inhabited by the second, it is perhaps the most remarkable place of Northern Europe.

Peterhof has more charms to the lover of nature, and to those of a romantic turn, even if it be forgotten that the greatest man of the North in modern times here formed and executed the plans of his creative mind. In point of situation I should prefer Peterhof to Versailles, if the rigour of the climate were not so intense. Every moment a spot occurs, where Peter the First had some favourite object, where he arranged his serious concerns, and enjoyed his recreations, where he saw his fleets increasing under his own inspection from day to day. Here may be seen the little room, in which his mighty plans were conceived—plans afterwards executed too; but whether to the advantage of his subjects and of mankind, or not, would be a very problematical question.

The most remarkable vestige of Peter's manual labour is probably the small house at Petersburgh, on the Neva, and opposite to the Summer-gardens, in front of which also lies the boat said to have been built by himself. I never saw a finer vessel of its kind, so proper and excellent are all its proportions, and it seems still to be in such good order that it might be made to float again with little trouble.

The Hermitage at Petersburgh was in the same state as the Kreml in Moscow. Some building was going forward; and every article was locked up. I could not, therefore, see the treasures of art; yet these were perhaps more worthy to be seen than any thing else in Petersburgh; for there are, I understand, some admirable paintings among them, if not so many Raphaels as national pride asserts. Kohler was as friendly as could be expected from a friend of the Muses; but the sanctuary, nevertheless, remained closed to me. Voltaire's library, which I might have seen, did not interest me so much. It would have been otherwise, if I could have commanded time to study in it, as I should have been rewarded for my trouble by seeing how the old Satyr of Ferney principally employed himself.

The antiques in the Taurian palace do not appear numerous

or remarkable for curiosity to those who have seen the Paris collection, and the best in Italy. In the large garden-saloon, about which, however, fame makes more noise than it deserves, some good articles were standing. I was, however, not allowed a minute examination; as preparations were making for a great festival. A foreigner can hardly wander through the beautiful walks of the garden without calling to mind the singular man, who for a considerable time acted his part here, and was in a great degree the despot of the North. Potemkin shares the fate of all remarkable characters. Some think he was both a great and a good man, while others can discover neither. The latter are certainly more mistaken than the former. The emperor Paul had no reason to like him; but his resentment went so far that he annulled many good regulations in the army, to all appearance only because they were introduced by Potemkin, who was admirable in his military arrangements, and selected them from those adopted by different nations. He learned much of the Scotch, who are indisputably excellent soldiers.

I was gratified by the manner in which I was received by Suchteln. Scarcely was my name announced, ere he approached me with open arms. "Ah mon cher camerade de malheur, soyes bien venu! A present nous sommes un peu mieux, qu'a Varsovie il y a onze ans."—"Beaucoup, beaucoup, V. E. grace au ciel!" said I, and he led me by the hand, and introduced me to the company. You know that this is not what I pride myself on; but it is gratifying to meet with such a friendly reception. Thus acts the man of real worth and open affability. I cannot say that I was equally successful when I called on General Igelstroem at Riga. I announced myself merely for the purpose of paying my respects to the old gentleman as my former commander. I could have no other motive.

He allowed me to stand a considerable time in waiting, and at length sent word he was ill, and would see me when he was better. His surgeon and nephew had both before assured me that he was well enough to receive me. I went, and naturally did not call again, for I had no intention of paying court to him. There was a time when he confided to me all the secrets of his public situation and private circumstances, a confidence, which I never abused—when I have sat and worked for weeks together at his bed-side—when he treated me as a confidential friend, and employed me in drawing up the papers by which he justified himself to his sovereign. I shall always defend his character against any attack, for I never knew him guilty of a bad action. At present, he seemed not to be commander in chief of his family.

It was with real sorrow that I now openly heard at Petersburgh

two articles of intelligence from my native country, which occupied my mind more and for a longer time than I could have thought possible. The one was the great want of bread; the other, that the elector had granted to the owners of estates, in return for their ready obedience in some matters, the liberty to depose the judges of their manorial courts at their option. Both these circumstances gave me a degree of uneasiness, for which I cannot blame myself. I have often and loudly declared that our government pays little attention to the possibility of famine, and that if the crops were any year to fail, we should be in a much more pressing emergency, and greater danger of hunger than in the year seventy of last century. Every one wishes to gain and hoard money; as if money alone could produce national prosperity. After the death of Fredrick the Second, a pious reliance on Providence seems to have induced our rulers to leave almost all the magazines empty. This species of piety I hold to be very reprehensible. The elector of Saxony, who is certainly one of the most just and liberal men in Europe, is the private owner of almost a third part of the country, and ought, by proper management of his estates, to have the market-price of bread in his power. But as the rent of the farmer is raised to its utmost height, of course no conditions can be laid down as to the sale of his produce, since he must by one mode or another obtain the stipulated sum; so that under this pretext the basest avarice has a wide field for action. The result may be inferred without any superior sagacity. All other owners of estates and country gentlemen pursue the same system. It is true that the articles sold, produce gold; but the sellers are few in proportion, and the greater bulk of the commonalty both in towns and the country must necessarily suffer. This engenders on both sides a hateful animosity, which may be productive of mournful consequences. I soon, however, happily heard that rumour, as usual, had materially magnified the dearth in my native land.

With respect to the second article, the courts of justice, people talk openly of it with merited censure even in Petersburgh. While they are labouring here to establish a more solid system of justice, it appears that in Saxony attempts are making to destroy it. That a private man had already the power of appointing a judge even in his own cause did not exactly agree with the most correct notions of justice; but if this private man shall have the further power of displacing this judge when he chuses, the liberty of the German peasantry will soon be reduced again to the degraded state of the Esthonians and Livonians. The judges were, alas, already dependant enough on their patrons; but now they will be completely their creatures. It requires more strength of mind spirit than is the usual lot of human nature to oppose

the wealth and power for the sake of a third person; and thereby perhaps bring beggary on ourselves and families. Such is the general opinion of impartial persons at Petersburgh, and I lament that I must join in it. Heaven grant matters may prove better than I have heard!

I took an affecting solemn walk in the church, where the bodies of all the princes who have reigned since the founder of the city are deposited. The coffins stand exposed to view without being let down into any vault. I walked up and down before them, read the inscriptions, and reflected on the great changes which had taken place since Peter removed the seat of government hither from Moscow. I am no moral sentimentalist, but I could scarcely refrain from shuddering at the idea that I was now standing among the remains of potentates who had ruled over a nation, which not long ago rose from the chaos of night with Herculean strength. I had already several times felt peculiar sensations when at the Michaeloff palace. Here I paused at the coffin of Paul; that good, misrepresented, unfortunate prince, would in private life have certainly been one of the most amiable of men, and who, like many others, tottered beneath the enormous weight of a diadem. From all which I have learned respecting Paul, he was certainly a monarch who wished what was right, and such a man is from that wish a good man. He was, according to my conviction, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, physically and morally an invalid. All the portraits of him, not one of which is devoid of interest and not one quite unlike him, declare this. Even at the very idea of irregularity and injustice he was forcibly and even convulsively affected. When he himself could hear and decide upon a case, perfect justice was sure to follow. The irritability both of body and mind, the consequent mixture of tenderness and rigour, the boundless submission to and yet mistrust of the opinion of others, and many other contradictions in his character must be principally accounted for by the circumstances of his youth. He had at first viewed mankind in a false light, and one misconception followed another. The unfortunate state of the times added to the illusion. Had he lived a few years longer, the danger would only have assumed another appearance, and it becomes doubtful which side a man like Paul would have taken. The impartial perceive in several instances the good effects of his severity. It excited fear, and made some at least, through fear of him, keep within the bounds of moderation. It seems unfortunately as if the mildness of his son would again open a field to the insolence of petty despots The public again speak freely of military oppression, family influence on the decisions of justice, and striking neglect or ar-

bitrary proceedings in the police. The place, the time, the names, and all the circumstances are mentioned to prove that a process may be carried through the senate for a stated sum of money; and if all is to be believed which is asserted by very upright persons, there remains in the highest tribunal an open system of bribery, which is shocking. There can, from circumstances, be but little justice in the world; and when that little is to be sold for gold, philanthropy almost compels us to look round for the way out of the temple. It is natural that the emperor Alexander should shew this propensity to clemency; for what an appearance would it have if a young man, on his first outset in life, should exhibit the austerity of one perfectly acquainted with the world? But it will be necessary for him to dwell with firm unshaken determination on the execution of solemn measures, and I trust this will be done. Affability and kindness, and natural benevolence form his present character; but as a monarch, he will probably often find it necessary to be more severe and inexorable.

One of the stories of the day was the execution of the criminal of Dago, who for several years played the part of Cacus on his island, and by his piracies brought ruin on many. The life of this man was one which, even in the barbarous times of Hercules, would have been remarkable for its villany. The process, which began in the reign of Paul, had been so long protracted, that it was suspected that, through the influence of his family connections, the senate would not pass a very rigorous sentence. It is said, indeed, that a mild one was already prepared to be laid before the emperor, when he was accidentally requested to sign that of a young man who had forged bank-notes to the amount of some hundred rubles.

"That is hard, that is very hard," the emperor is reported to have said. "Is this the law?" "May it please your majesty, it is," answered the reporter.

"Then I cannot help the unfortunate man; but I shall now be anxious to see what punishment will be decreed for that villain of the Baltic." The reporter, who observed the deep solemnity of the monarch, did not venture, as I was told, to submit the sentence in the state proposed; and it was afterwards, from motives of policy, altered in the senate as to severity, and executed. I give the anecdote as I received it from persons of credit. It does honour to the emperor's character; for mercy towards a villain is certainly injustice.

In speaking of the imperial family without constraint, the Russians joyfully give them throughout a character of humanity and goodness; with the exception of the grand-duke Constantine, who is here and there loudly censured; and there are even persons who have a bad opinion of his principles. After all

that I have been able to learn of him, I cannot believe this; but it must not be denied that an unexampled violence of disposition, sometimes, it is said, exercised beyond all controul, gives him a temporary appearance of greater depravity. He was, on account of his vivacity, the favourite of his grandmother, and it is easily to be conceived that maternal tenderness would see many an error of youth in a milder point of view than a commom observer. His family loves him without exception, a proof that he must possess natural goodness of heart. He is, however, almost beyond all measure overbearing; and this propensity has led him to steps, of which I would willingly ascribe half to the misrepresentations of malice. It is to be lamented that a young man, who is really well-informed, should thus be in danger of sacrificing his better character to the levity of youth. The consequences are already visible. He is avoided from a fear, which each entertains, of becoming the sport of his boisterous humour. The companions and assistants in his youthful frolics are laying on themselves a heavy responsibility. They must lose his regard, as soon as he arrives at serious reflection, and, on a calmer view of things, feels the necessity of possessing the pure regard of the rational, instead of the riotous applause of wild debauchees. I have only been once near him, when he delivered his orders to an officer in a manner so violent and unbecoming, that had I been in the officer's situation, I should certainly have requested my discharge the next morning.

The botanic garden of the Academy is better conducted than it used to be, and the gardener appears to be a worthy active man, who is at home among his plants, and in his Linnæus. It seems to me a peculiar kind of economy, when the Academy is so rich, that the greater part of the garden should be let out to green-grocers and growers of culinary plants; so that the science, to which it is destined, is thereby confined within a very small space. The leases too have, I understand, been renewed for a longer term, since Alexander came to the throne.

I left Germany, as you know, half and half inclined to obtain an audience of the emperor; and petition for a small pension, which I conceive that I have deserved, and might conscientiously accept. I had, however, almost given up the idea on the road; and I found the emperor so much engaged by the critical state of affairs, and so closely besieged by business of a nature certainly not the most pleasant, that it did not occur to me to take any step towards this object. It would probably not have been very difficult to attain my point; but on closer examination I found it better to live as long as I could by the exercise of my own faculties. This accords more with my notions,

though I am, nevertheless, certain that no gold and no earthly honours could ever influence any of my opinions.

For several days past the object of universal conversation has been the incorporation of Genoa and the recall of the ambassador, who was going to Paris for the purpose of adjusting the disputes. This will probably be the prologue to another tragedy. The conduct of the French is a natural consequence of their knowing their own strength and the weakness of their neighbours. Justice is out of the question. In national arrangements she is seldom consulted, and is complaisant enough to look wherever the bayonets point. One thing, however, pleases me. The Corsican has royally avenged his native island on her modern and ancient oppressors; and so wretched is the spirit of the times that all this must be considered as an act of favour.

"Le peuple n'est rien pour qui le sait mener."

Bonaparte proves the truth of his position by his own example; a great example truly, and one which carries with it a severe rebuke on the human understanding. "I shall give you to such or such a prince," is the answer which he is said to have made to the humble representation of the deputies of the free imperial cities of Germany. Never was such contempt exhibited towards the nation and its princes. The donor, the receivers, and those who are given away, all stand in a peculiar light. On this occasion a passage in Plutarch occurs to me, where Metellus the tribune of the people is described to have placed himself before the doors of the Treasury, when Cesar wanted to make use of its contents towards his war against the senate. The patriot positively refused to quit his station, till the followers of Cesar tore him from it. "Reflect," said Cesar to him, "that it will be much more difficult for me to say than to do what is harsh." To do any thing harsh towards a man, was an euphemism of the day, meaning the axe of the lictor, or the dagger of the assassin. I could not avoid an involuntary parallel. Harsh words do not seem to be so difficult to Bonaparte. I admire him as a really great man; but it is impossible that I can love him; for I neither think him liberal, nor just. He has in his own person destroyed the finest idea ever formed by my imagination; and I am proud enough to believe that my speculations are not the idle dreams of a romantic brain. Fate has given him two names, the one prepossessing, the other terrible. He bore the prepossessing one during his better days; he has now laid it aside, and retained the terrible one. But the eternity of Bonaparte the Preserver will, in defiance of the astonishment excited by grandeur, be better and more desirable

than that of Napoleon the Destroyer. For my own part, I shall prefer retaining the former name. Terror shall not dwell in my soul—I willingly resign the terrible one to the diplomatists.

LETTER VI.

SIPPOLA, 28*th July*, 1805.

I WILL here bet my excellent piece of salmon out of the Woxa, and a whole basket full of Mamurami, that you do not know in what part of the world Sippola lies; and neither Büsching, nor Schlözer, nor Gaspari can assist you. Observe, then, Sippola is a neat little village in the northern paradise of the Laplanders, Russian Finland, situated out of the road, somewhat to the north, between Wilmanstrand, and Friederichsham. I have not measured the longitude and latitude of it, and can, therefore, only say of it that excellent berries grow there, that the corn still waves its high tops, and that the poetic wanderer might still cut here a good oaten reed for a pastoral pipe; which is probably more than you expect in the vicinity of the Laplanders.

Of the theatres at Petersburgh I saw none but the Italian, which is probably the best. There was a singer in the company, whose equal I never heard. He is said, however, to receive an annual salary of fourteen thousand rubles; and for such a sum a little clearness, strength and compass of voice may be expected. I did not go to the German theatre, because all my friends agreed in stating that very indifferent pieces were very indifferently performed there. Mire lost the management by his own want of conduct; and something better is expected from his successor, who is described as a man of taste and knowledge. I did not see the Russian company, because I was first here, then there, and always let the time pass. I am now somewhat sorry that this was the case; for the performers are, I understand, excellent mimics, and act several national pieces with much life and spirit.

On my departure, M. Pinnow kindly presented me with some correctives of bad water, and a party accompanied me in several carriages as far as Pergola, where with a mingled and peculiar sensation I spent the last evening with my friends resident in that country. I am always fancying that I have long since settled accounts with that unknown something—the heart; yet the sprite is every moment playing me some trick or other. The beautiful little exhibition of fireworks, with which some officers quartered here complimented the general on his birth-day, helped me through the sad reflections of the last hours. Who knows whether

I shall ever again see the good people here, who gave me so fraternal a reception? The carriages returned to Petersburgh at a late hour—I stowed the provisions, furnished by northern hospitality, in my travelling knapsack, and took up my abode with a Finlander. My mind was full of emotion—the room was heated in July and full of smoke—I fancied that I every moment heard a dozen Tarakans, and slept—not quite so well as usual. It was, moreover, the season, during which there is, in these northern regions, no night, and I always feel as if I could not sleep but in the night. Here, however, it is so like the day, that my friends and I have without difficulty, while walking at midnight in the gardens of Petersburgh, read the Hamburgh newspapers to each other. "Trans Suionas," says Tacitus, "aliud mare pigrum ac prope immotum, quo cingi cludique terrarum orbem hinc fidas, quod extremus cadentis jam solis fulgor in ortus edurat, adeo clarus ut sidera hebetet." It darkens them so much that I really could see no stars at all. The evening twilight melts into that of morning. For a few nights this appeared to me very pleasant; but my eye was soon weary of the continued light, and missed the charming change of summer nights in my native country.

The next morning I cheerfully pursued my way past the old fort towards Wiburg. The three days between Petersburgh and Wiburg, a distance of twenty miles, were very fatiguing to me; for the weather was insupportably hot. The perspiration flowed from my forehead even more freely than when I stood so many hours with the battalion under arms, and worked with hands and feet to the sound of the drum.

The water of the Neva would not suit my palate at Petersburgh, do what I might. It is clear as crystal, but beyond all conception soft, and I have been always accustomed to hard water. The finer kinds of malt liquor are too strong, and the rest are almost all brewed from noxious materials, particularly wild rosemary. More attention ought certainly to be bestowed on this by the department of government to which it belongs. My resource was in different kinds of quas, or wine and water, when I could not obtain quas or kisslestschee. I had, however, anticipated the pleasure, which I should derive from a good draught of the Finland streams; for I knew that Finland was mountainous, and naturally concluded that where I found mountains, I should also find plenty of good water. In this I was much mistaken; for although Finland is almost one entire bed of granite, yet is water very scarce. In travelling the whole twenty miles from Petersburgh to Wiburg, I only found a single little brook of good water, and a few versts from the town some very fine copious springs, which to me seemed to

produce real nectar. The other streams all proceed from morasses, and consequently furnish foul, red-coloured, disgusting beverage. The granite is perhaps too hard to receive the rain. It runs off, therefore, to the moors, where it stagnates, and becomes almost useless. I have sometimes laboured, perspired and thirsted for hours together, till at length necessity has compelled me to swallow some of this nauseous liquid, at the same time holding my nose to avoid its effluvia. I one day ran up and down a dale at the foot of a chain of hills, panting with thirst, yet making myself certain from the nature of the country that there must be water at hand; for an old pilgrim can, like Moses and Alexander, hit upon these discoveries at once, without exactly any pretence to the gift of prophecy. At length too I really found a small spring under the hollow trunk of a tree, and was, as you may easily conceive, delighted.

At Wiburg, after I had arranged every thing with the police, I betook myself to the Italian inn. There was nobody at home but a little girl about six years old, who first looked fearfully at me, than sobbed, and at length cried outright. "There's nobody at home," said she. "My father's at Petersburgh, my mother's gone out—you must not stay here." Heaven knows what a horrid cast of countenance I must have! The same thing has often happened to me, and on this occasion the more kindly I thought that I looked at the girl, the more loudly she cried. At length I calmly laid my knapsack on the billiard-room, and waited the event. The lamentations of the little girl now brought a taller one, a kind of waiter, who at my request immediately shewed me into a tolerable apartment. This, after my three days pilgrimage without any convenience, was agreeable enough; for from Pergola to Wiburg the only place worthy of being called a village is Krasno Selo, not the same through which I passed in going to Moscow, though bearing a similar name. The rest of the road is thinly strewed with solitary huts. As I entered Krasno Selo towards evening, the whole village was in alarm and uproar, not exactly arising from a revolution, but from the appearance of a bear in the neighbourhood, Every one seized his gun, or spear, or pole to welcome the shaggy guest. Two soldiers persuaded me to accompany them a few versts further to Nowa Derebna (New Village) and at the small public house there I really found a room, which was light and pleasant for Finland. In Esthonia such a place would have been a rural Louvre. After I had treated the soldiers with an omelet, I quietly laid myself down to rest under a sheep's-skin coverlid, which I found there upon a mattress, as I supposed for my use. I could not secure myself from interruption; for the people here

are very patriarchal, and have no locks to their doors. I had slept a few hours soundly away, when a fellow jogged me, gently enough I allow, considering that he was a Finn. "What do you want, friend?" demanded I in Russian. "To sleep here," was his answer. "But I am already sleeping here," returned I. "But this is my bed," said the man. What was to be done? We made a fair and friendly agreement to share the materials of which the bed was composed. I left him the mattrass, took the sheep's-skin, and quartered myself in another corner of the room on the floor, after I had properly bound my ears against the hostile tarakans. The tarakan is the northern tarantula, a kind of insect much dreaded—that is to say by the *beau monde*, for the common man cares but little about it. A larger species of them is called Prussaky or Prussians; and the good folks are firmly convinced they were brought from that country to this by the army during the Seven Years' War. The stories on this subject are ridiculous and entertaining enough. The next morning I had nothing but silver to pay my bill with; and my old hostess would not change a ruble without a discount which reduced it to eighteen copekes; and I being so good-natured as to submit, she at length gave me only ten, with the assurance that she had no more copper, and that a ruble here passed universally for no more than fifteen copekes. I was glad of that, even if the beldam told a falsehood, which I do not doubt. The emperor Paul endeavoured to carry his point, by rigorous ukases, and paper gradually became of less value. The emperor Alexander lets the matter take its own course, and now it only sustains a loss of twenty-five per cent. At Moscow and in its neighbourhood but little paper is to be seen, and silver is almost universal; but paper is on the same footing there as at Petersburgh. I am surprised at the mode in which the copper coinage is conducted in Russia. Such is the value of it that great trouble is every where necessary to prevent the coppersmiths melting it down again. It might be sold to greater advantage than it is coined. The motive for such conduct I can by no means comprehend. Perhaps copper is so cheap in some of the coinage-towns deeper in the empire, that it is thought but reasonable to issue it as at present.

I had not yet risen at Wiburg the next morning, when M. Tappe, professor of the newly established gymnasium, called to take me home with him. As I had purposed to remain a few days in Wiburg for the sake of my feet, which were sore from the effects of heat and exercise, I with pleasure accepted his invitation, and fixed my abode with a brother in Apollo.

Wiburg, which was formerly almost quite composed of wooden buildings, has been, since the last conflagration, almost entirely rebuilt with stone, and has a neat appearance. It is pleasantly situated, the country agreeable on every side, and to me particularly so for furnishing good spring water. The entrance to the town from the sea must be attended with some difficulty; but the haven is on that account the more secure. The trade of this place has materially decreased since the crown limited the felling of timber and sawing of deals. This restriction, however, seems to be requisite; for I saw but few good timber-trees on my journey. The present are small and weak. But the principal complaint made with respect to the prohibition, and one which seems to be not without foundation, is that every one is obliged to pay the full mill-duty, though at most places no deals are allowed to be cut. There is at Wiburg a peculiar branch of trade, which I acknowledge to be productive towards the finances of the country, though I cannot think it ultimately consonant with state-economy, any more than the cultivation of tobacco. I allude here to Cichory, which the Prussian consul M. Hartmann has, if I am not mistaken, cultivated for some time to a great extent, and derived a considerable profit from the sale of the substitute for coffee made of it. I am not sure that this should be preferred to the growth of grain and potatoes, especially as a want of bread is here common, and arable land not very abundant.

The richest literary man by profession on the continent of Europe, is probably the poet and rhetorician Nicolai, who has removed hither from Petersburgh, to enjoy the age of repose as philosophically as possible. Monrepos, an estate not far from the gates of the town, which belongs to him, and at which he resides, is one of the sweetest little places in the whole North. Nature appears to have made it a fairy residence for some beneficent spirit; and the present possessor has for several years been adding to its charms. He lives there with northern liberality, and enjoys the regard of the whole neighbourhood. It is no trifling pleasure to hear such a man converse on the literary and political occurrences of the North.

From this place I took a trip to see the waterfall at Imatra, where the Woxa, for the length of half a verst, in some parts dreadfully steep, forces his passage through a narrow bed of granite. The appearance is unique in its kind, and made a noise more stunning than I experienced either at Schaffhausen or Terni, though the water was at this time low. The Woxa is here somewhat broader than the Elbe at Aussig. The Saima, from which the Woxa and some branches of the Kymen proceed, is a medium between lake and river, studded with many groupes of picturesque islets, which make an appearance, es-

pecially near Wilmanstrand, not inferior to a Switzerland district. Its source has not yet been correctly ascertained, but it is said to be in the most northern part of Norway. The water is uncommonly clear and pure, but quite soft like that of the Neva—no wonder, for it helps, through the Ladoga, to form the Neva. There are several waterfalls lower down, where it discharges itself into the Ladoga; but none of the same consequence as that at Imatra. I staid all night with my companion M. Pargold of the Wiburg Gymnasium, a young man of much talent, on the banks of the river not far from the water-fall, and returned next day by Wilmanstrand.

All the towns in Russian Finland are fortified, by which the country assumes throughout a warlike appearance—perhaps more so than is desirable. The Finlanders, when compared with their brethren in origin the Esthonians on the other side of the gulph, are an open, polished, worthy nation, whose characteristic is, however, not the most determined energy. The whole country has rather lost than gained since the Russians took possession of it, a phænomenon easily to be accounted for. Nevertheless, a degree of culture and personal comfort prevails here, which is in vain sought for in the country near the Dwina and Embach. The peasant there will probably gain little by the regulations apparently for their good, and really so intended—here, he is in danger of every day losing more. Of the despotism and oppression practised by the imperial agents, and those possessed of power, revolting examples are every where related. Catharine the Second always suspected the Finland peasantry of an attachment to Sweden. This is not surprising, when they are thus delivered up to oppression. In Sweden humanity prevails, and all goes well—here they rule with the whip, and all goes ill. For instance, a boor not long ago was unable to obtain a trifling cessation of labour, though he only wanted to bury his father. It is hardly possible to trample more shamefully on the rights of human nature. Thus little can a prince effect, who is himself the genius of benevolence.

Here at Sippola I am standing on the point of a rock, and surveying in the vale beneath me four small lakes, whose banks are surrounded with hamlets, meadows, and fields of waving corn.

Finland is one enormous bed of granite, intersected here and there by beautiful and cultivated vallies. This, I am told, is the general description of country to the Gulph of Bothnia; only that the Swedes are, from political and moral causes, more orderly and diligent. The country all round this place abounds with fruits of different kinds, some known, some otherwise. Among

the latter are the above mentioned Mamurami, a sort of small red berry, which are famed for their aromatic flavour, are esteemed as the northern ananas, and are in great demand among the epicures of the metropolis. They grow no nearer to it than here and in Siberia; and the Russians distinguish them by the name of Knäschniky, or Prince's berries. You will understand, therefore, that they are something more than common bramble-berries, to which, however, they in other respects belong. My host, M. Dähn, counsellor of state, and inspector of schools in the district of Friederichsham, a friendly and very intelligent man, does every thing possible to make his guest satisfied—and truly satisfied he is.

Tomorrow I again take my pilgrim's staff, and trudge by Friederichsham to New Kymengorod—then further by Aberfors to Abo and Upsal, in order that I may at least see the saloon in which Linnæus delivered his lectures.

I shall bring our friend Werner of Freyberg a piece of red Finland quarz, which is esteemed a curiosity here. Whether it be really so, the cognoscenti must determine. The governor-general Meyendorf, whose lady was treated, during her visit to our country, with the attention due to her merits, has sent it as a testimony of his respect and gratitude, and intends to add some other rarities of this country.

I am at present studying the Swedish language with attention, that it may assist me in my tour through that kingdom. Towards the end of October at furthest I hope again to see my native country, which after all is a pleasant little nook of land. Friendship and greeting!

LETTER VII.

Abo, 5th August 1805.

I HAVE been in a melancholy mood lately—how it happened I hardly know, except that I looked too often back upon my past experience and forward to future prospects. The Swedes are by no means to blame, for I am thus far much pleased with them, and really believe that if I were rich, I should employ some years in travelling among them.

Let me connect the thread of my wanderings. From Sippola I returned to the main road at Friederichsham, and after a good meal pursued my way on foot. It appears to me as if all the towns in Russian Finland were in a sinking rather than a rising state, without the country-parts gaining any thing thereby, a certain sign that there is something wrong in the management of affairs. In Sweden, to the joy of

every honest man, the contrary is the case. Slavery and a property established in human flesh are the mildew, in which every thing withers, and through which only troublesome and noxious insects are produced. The country, which has been rather hastily compared with Switzerland, is universally pleasant, and I have not met with a single spot where the idea occurred to me, "This is dismal—I should not like to live here;" which has been the case in some parts of Germany.

A few versts from the fortified town of Kymengorod, a large arm of the Kymen produces a fine waterfall, when the river, in a very romantic situation, not far from a church, rushes through three fissures in the rock to a depth of several fathoms. The surrounding scenery is truly picturesque, and in Switzerland the place would be celebrated. At Kymengorod the citadels and military works are in a state of considerable forwardness; but the town itself is very little improved. It can only be said that a beginning is made in this respect. On the other side of the water more has been done. The situation of the citadel appears, however, to me rather extraordinary; for not far from it is a high rock, from which it may be not a little annoyed; and this eminence itself is, from the nature of its neighbourhood, not very tenable. But if the town will but flourish, the citadel may be easily spared; and the best defence at all times consists in brave fellows, who are ready to defend their country with the bayonet in the field.

A young officer of the garrison, who was taking a walk, joined me near the river, and civilly asked me whence I was come, and whither I was going. My appearance and speech probably both struck him as foreign; for I speak the Russian language ill, and that of Finland not at all. The same was his case as to French and German. One word, however, produced another, and I asked whether Suchteln was yet arrived. He did not even know that he was coming; but I assured him that I knew it from his own lips at Petersburgh, and further that M. Zagel of Wiburg had engaged accommodations for him at that place. The young man looked oddly at my knapsack, when he heard me talk so familiarly of Suchteln and Meyendorf, and examined me, but with perfect politeness, about my travels. I gave him a sketch of my present intended tour towards home by way of Stockholm, and he took a hasty but friendly departure, probably to acquaint his colonel with the approach of his commanding officer, for whom I suppose no preparations had been made beyond Wiburg.

It was near sun-set when I sauntered past Kymengorod. The public house there had not an inviting appearance, and I continued to proceed onward in hope of finding a better, till I heard to my no small embarrassment that the next was twenty

versts distant. It had been rather late when I left Friederichsham, I was then tired, and was naturally growing more so. The wood grew thicker, and the scenery wilder. The heat had been oppressive all day, and my feet began to refuse their office. I was hungry, and the provender in my knapsack was at an end. I had been glad to meet from time to time with a little tolerable water. As I could not reach any house, and proceeded with difficulty, I at length turned on one side into the wood, and laid myself quietly down to rest on a block of granite not far from the road. The sky above me was beautiful; only that on this account the air was somewhat cold, as is usual there at night. In the North a man travels without fear of man, which cannot be said of that holy land Italy. I had therefore nothing to be afraid of but wolves, which even in summer sometimes wander out of the thickets in search of prey. My want of sleep was, however, stronger than my fear of wolves; and I enjoyed a profound repose of several hours till awaked by the cold. I now put myself again in motion on the road, soon met with an honest Finlander, who served me with as good a breakfast as his house would afford, and cheerfully pursued my way to Aberfors.

I had a letter of introduction from Governor-general Meyendorf to the Russian colonel commandant at this place, who consequently gave me a very friendly reception. This, however, did not exempt me from a very minute investigation at the custom-house, where every thing was scrutinized even to my Aristophanes. I had changed my Russian paper for Swedish at Friederichsham; and here I received Swedish paper schillings for sixty copekes in Russian silver. At the custom-house I met with a clergyman of Russian Finland who was about to pass the boundary, and invited me to take a seat in his droschke. "*Facundus comes in viâ pro vehiculo*" says some old author. Here both were offered; I therefore stepped into his machine, and drove with him to Lowisa, the first Swedish town. I had designed to examine the last verst-post very minutely; for it is reckoned a monument of the last war, and is said to contain an immense number of balls. The most are stated to be on the Swedish side, as a proof that the Swedes shot with a better aim, the battle having raged with greatest fury near this verst-post. Our conversation, however, drove the war and its perishable monument quite out of my recollection. The Kymen or rather the arm of the Kymen has there again two arms, between which lies a small island, forming the boundary of the two monarchies. The *Questionis* bridge is therefore a double one. That over the northern arm belongs to the Russians, the other to the Swedes. None of the parties must extend his post beyond his own bridge. The Swedes, however, did this during the last disputes

which soon ripened into a war. The people here are very happy in the idea that the Kymen produces the finest salmon in the world. I took leave of Russia with a grateful heart; but I entered Sweden in high spirits.

The moment a person has passed the bridge every thing assumes a more cheerful lively appearance. I always look upon the country as a criterion by which to estimate the state of society dwelling there, and no where can the traveller be more taken by the outward appearance, than in Sweden, particularly when leaving this part of Russia.

There arises a singular sensation in my mind when I think of Russia. To a certainty no land can produce better men as individuals than are to be found in every part of this enormous empire. No where does the government do more for the improvement of the provinces, yet no where is so little effected as to humanization, justice, and improvement of the mind. The radical evil is, that the general principle by which the whole nation is actuated has its basis in slavery. There is in Russia no middling class of society; but only wealth and penury, magnificence and wretchedness. The spring is made from one to the other; sometimes you meet with both together, but very seldom with domestic comfort. These are the consequences of slavery. In Petersburgh and Moscow it is not uncommon for a grandee to have two or three hundred servants in his house, and be served so much the worse for it; which always reminds me of a French duke who went to call upon a poet, and found him in a very bad humour. "My God, what's the matter?" demanded the duke. "My servant is a scoundrel," grumbled the poet. "I have but that one, and I believe that I am as ill waited upon as you who have thirty."

The more servants there are in any establishment, the greater disorder will prevail. Such people become in Russia quite unfit for any other more serious employment, and hence from this class spring the greatest number of knaves and villains. Among them prevails the greatest subtilty and depravity of mind; the most wit, and the least sense. Were the probability of rational freedom, and then the hope of regular support greater, matters might be in a better state; but for such people a release from their obligations is a rarity. They, therefore, make amends for their situation by vicious practices, and their masters are not backward in setting the example. How great the hardship of such regulations are, I have had opportunities of ascertaining. Take an example. A young man possesses a genius as an artist. He studies and works by permission of his master with the best success, so that he becomes known to the public at large as a man of merit, and even to the emperor himself. It is natural for such a person to wish

that he had an independent right over himself; but that is impossible. His master, on the contrary, with whom he may have had some little difference, orders him out upon his estate to hard labour, which the poor fellow has long forgotten, or perhaps never learnt. Here no interference can be of service to the unfortunate artist. The monarch himself is too upright to infringe what are called legal rights of the proprietors. The young man must perhaps load manure in the court under the steward's scourge; or at least he may be obliged to do this, according to these established privileges. A man of humanity had a commission to make a private offer of fifteen thousand rubles for his release; for the owner would not make a present of him even to the emperor. The emperor, it was said, wished to make a present of him to the academy. In this anecdote the only thing consonant with reason is the great liberality of the Russian monarch, to which, however, the prejudices of the narrators would have given a truly slavish turn. In reality, the emperor wished to give him a situation in the academy, but not to make a gift of him to that institution. I would inflict death on the man, who attempted to make a present of me, or I would inflict death on myself; but this is a sentiment unknown to one who never in his life dared to fancy a personal ownership.

I remember that I once, under the impression of enthusiastic philanthropy, endeavoured for several hours to persuade old General Igelstroem at Pleskow, that cultivation would never obtain a permanent footing till personal freedom was absolutely established by law. The old general allowed this; but asked how it was to be brought about. That is really a difficult question. The slavery of the Russian boors has only been introduced some centuries, I forget under which czar, and then not legally but by abuse. A dangerous disease infested the country, accompanied by famine, and every one endeavoured to escape destruction by flight. A provisional temporary regulation was, therefore, made that no boor should leave the estate on which he worked. This temporary regulation was by abuse continued. A beast of prey is not likely to resign the victim already secured by his talons. The slavery of the Russians, however, has never been so heavy or oppressive as that which prevails in the adjoining provinces, Livonia, Esthonia and Finland. Courland was not in a better situation under the Poles, and all are now alike. Where slavery is legalized, justice is out of the question, and no civilization can take place. Let no one quote the Greeks and Romans on this occasion. Heaven defend us from their infamous freedom! Compared with that, even the feudal system was rational; and Spartacus has given a dreadful commentary upon it. If I were a German peasant with six sons, and had no other prospect for them but even on good conditions to make them Russian peasants, by every sacred virtue I would shoot the

though I am, nevertheless, certain that no gold and no earthly honours could ever influence any of my opinions.

For several days past the object of universal conversation has been the incorporation of Genoa and the recall of the ambassador, who was going to Paris for the purpose of adjusting the disputes. This will probably be the prologue to another tragedy. The conduct of the French is a natural consequence of their knowing their own strength and the weakness of their neighbours. Justice is out of the question. In national arrangements she is seldom consulted, and is complaisant enough to look wherever the bayonets point. One thing, however, pleases me. The Corsican has royally avenged his native island on her modern and ancient oppressors; and so wretched is the spirit of the times that all this must be considered as an act of favour.

"Le peuple n'est rien pour qui le sait mener."

Bonaparte proves the truth of his position by his own example; a great example truly, and one which carries with it a severe rebuke on the human understanding. "I shall give you to such or such a prince," is the answer which he is said to have made to the humble representation of the deputies of the free imperial cities of Germany. Never was such contempt exhibited towards the nation and its princes. The donor, the receivers, and those who are given away, all stand in a peculiar light. On this occasion a passage in Plutarch occurs to me, where Metellus the tribune of the people is described to have placed himself before the doors of the Treasury, when Cesar wanted to make use of its contents towards his war against the senate. The patriot positively refused to quit his station, till the followers of Cesar tore him from it. "Reflect," said Cesar to him, "that it will be much more difficult for me to say than to do what is harsh." To do any thing harsh towards a man, was an euphemism of the day, meaning the axe of the lictor, or the dagger of the assassin. I could not avoid an involuntary parallel. Harsh words do not seem to be so difficult to Bonaparte. I admire him as a really great man; but it is impossible that I can love him; for I neither think him liberal, nor just. He has in his own person destroyed the finest idea ever formed by my imagination; and I am proud enough to believe that my speculations are not the idle dreams of a romantic brain. Fate has given him two names, the one prepossessing, the other terrible. He bore the prepossessing one during his better days; he has now laid it aside, and retained the terrible one. But the eternity of Bonaparte the Preserver will, in defiance of the astonishment excited by grandeur, be better and more desirable

than that of Napoleon the Destroyer. For my own part, I shall prefer retaining the former name. Terror shall not dwell in my soul—I willingly resign the terrible one to the diplomatists.

LETTER VI.

SIPPOLA, 28*th July*, 1805.

I WILL here bet my excellent piece of salmon out of the Woxa, and a whole basket full of Mamurami, that you do not know in what part of the world Sippola lies; and neither Büschiug, nor Schlözer, nor Gaspari can assist you. Observe, then, Sippola is a neat little village in the northern paradise of the Laplanders, Russian Finland, situated out of the road, somewhat to the north, between Wilmanstrand, and Friederichsham. I have not measured the longitude and latitude of it, and can, therefore, only say of it that excellent berries grow there, that the corn still waves its high tops, and that the poetic wanderer might still cut here a good oaten reed for a pastoral pipe; which is probably more than you expect in the vicinity of the Laplanders.

Of the theatres at Petersburgh I saw none but the Italian, which is probably the best. There was a singer in the company, whose equal I never heard. He is said, however, to receive an annual salary of fourteen thousand rubles; and for such a sum a little clearness, strength and compass of voice may be expected. I did not go to the German theatre, because all my friends agreed in stating that very indifferent pieces were very indifferently performed there. Mire lost the management by his own want of conduct; and something better is expected from his successor, who is described as a man of taste and knowledge. I did not see the Russian company, because I was first here, then there, and always let the time pass. I am now somewhat sorry that this was the case; for the performers are, I understand, excellent mimics, and act several national pieces with much life and spirit.

On my departure, M. Pinnow kindly presented me with some correctives of bad water, and a party accompanied me in several carriages as far as Pergola, where with a mingled and peculiar sensation I spent the last evening with my friends resident in that country. I am always fancying that I have long since settled accounts with that unknown something—the heart; yet the sprite is every moment playing me some trick or other. The beautiful little exhibition of fireworks, with which some officers quartered here complimented the general on his birth-day, helped me through the sad reflections of the last hours. Who knows whether

The next day I went to Ulby, where I had an execrable dinner and an excellent bed. Balance one against the other, and all was well enough.

Borgo is esteemed a town of consequence in Swedish Finland, has a Gymnasium, and carries on some trade by a river, which is thus far navigable for small craft. From that place to Helsingfors, I found it excessively hot, much more so than I experienced near Ætna, and in Lombardy. The inns were at a great distance from each other, and by no means good. They looked neat and inviting, but in general nothing was to be obtained at them except very sour beer, very coarse bread, and very bad butter. These inns were the post-houses, and I observed that they were not kept by very conscientious people, for the posting charge was frequently added to my expences. I suppose the good Swedes thought me an eccentric kind of character, who ought to pay for his whims. The Swedish miles are extremely long, and the charge for posting is not heavy. The traveller proceeds with great rapidity, and only with a single horse when alone and unincumbered with luggage as I was. I therefore seated myself in a carriole, first to escape the heat, secondly to expedite my journey, and thirdly because it cost me no more but perpaps less than if I walked. In Italy probably these reasons would not have all had their force. At Helsingfors the landlord speaks German, and keeps a very good inn. At Swensky I even met with a postillion who understood my native tongue, and had often been on board of ship to Reval. Near Mialbosta, there are several very fine situations upon a lake, with some country-houses.

Near Sahlo, the valley, through which lies the road, opens to a considerable width, and exhibits many very small but neatly built villages, and for the first time again two churches. The barley grows here to such a height and so luxuriously that I never saw it finer unless in Catania near to Ætna. Wheat too had already reached such perfection near Abo, that I put a few large ears into my pocket-book as a memento. But the most welcome sight to me was the number of hazel-trees, which I here beheld again for the first time. Every moment increased my pleasure, and my high opinion of the economical society at Abo. The Swedes are poor, very poor. A man may travel many miles without seeing a single copper coin. Nothing but paper is to be met with even for the most trifling sum. But the Swede appears not to feel his poverty. His house is large, light, and convenient. In Esthonia and Livonia a chimney, as I have told you, is but seldom to be seen—here many a farm-house boasts four, five or six, and is furnished with good out-buildings. The Swedish Finn is cheerful and clean in his dress; his appearance betokens

strength and independence. The women are in general tall and handsomely formed; often indeed they are very beautiful, particularly in the country, where the light national habit gives them almost a Grecian appearance. Should you enter one of their neat cleanly houses, which are generally painted red, you will certainly not find the best larder in the world; but all the inhabitants seem so satisfied with the little they have, so cheerful, so friendly, and so ready to share their humble fare with you, that it must be one of over-refined notions who does not feel happy among them.

The night before I reached Abo, I slept at Wista, a pleasant village, with a church in it. The innkeeper was a superannuated lieutenant, who spoke German tolerably well, conversed at large and intelligently enough upon politics, and served up a frugal repast with much taste. When I wanted to pay my bill on the following morning, five schillings* were due to me in change for a note; and the old man had not so much coin in his whole house, carefully as he examined every chest and cabinet. I remarked that it was of no consequence, and that he need not think of the trifle; but the honour of a soldier here interfered, and he insisted upon every thing being regularly settled. I then proposed that he should give the five schillings to the postillion, instead of my paying him. He looked me full in the face, and asked how much I gave the fellow. "Why, generally," answered I, "three or four schillings according to the length of the stage—this once I may as well give five." "With your permission," returned he, "you act very wrongly, and spoil the fellows entirely. You ought not to give more than a schilling." He then went to a neighbour, brought me the money, and requested as a favour that I would not, at all events, give the postillion more than a couple of schillings, which I promised, and so far performed that I added the other two as a reward for good driving. This sum is considered as the *ne plus ultra* of generosity, for which every postillion is your humble servant down to the ground. In reality they are not allowed by law to ask for any thing, which to me appears hard; but indeed the whole regulations of posting want a reform. What a difference, however, in the above respect, between Sweden and Germany! The law with us has, by fixing half a guilder for drink-money, included liberality, and only wished the traveller not to have the power of being ungenerous; but by paying this sum, or a somewhat larger, no traveller will now think that he may be at ease either with respect to his carriage or his neck; for he must be a bad postillion who, if out of humour,

* A schilling is about an English penny.

could not contrive to damage some part of your equipage to the amount of a few dollars. I have myself been present, when half a dollar was presented to a postillion. "What's this?" asked the fellow in a grumbling half-intelligible tone. "That's yourdrink-money." The fellow pulled a long face, and said with all the blessed rudeness of the new school: "Does an honest man give an honest postillion such a paltry thing as this? Shabby enough!" Such civilities as these you may experience by the half dozen between Dresden and Naumburg. For a Swedish recompence you there travel a Swedish mile in the hour; and yet in our native land I have sometimes been seven hours in crawling over three Saxon miles.

Every Swede has here his own plantation of tobacco near his house, and in the vicinity of Abo, acres are ruinously devoted to the cultivation of this noxious weed. Even at home I cannot rid myself of an unpleasant sensation, when I see whole fields planted with it, and perceive the stupifying stench of this vegetable poison. Should famine overtake us, and the corn magazines be thrown open, they will be found full of this abominable acrid herb.

Abo contains, as I am assured, twelve thousand inhabitants, which I do not think an exaggerated statement. The number of students at the university amount to about three hundred; but as it happened to be vacation-time, and few professors being in town, I was not able to hear a lecture. The new academic buildings just behind the cathedral, will do honour to the town, even if they should not be so magnificent as the Swedes assert they will be; for according to their account the academy at Petersburgh dwindles into a hovel, when compared with them. The most remarkable circumstance is, that the pillars of granite are each formed from a single block, are finely proportioned, and beautifully finished. Still they are not equal to the pillars of the Petersburgh Summer-garden, or those of the New Bank erected by the emperor Paul. Nevertheless, the working of granite in this way is still rare among the Swedes, though at Petersburgh nothing is more common.

At Abo I took up my abode with our countryman Seipel of Butzbach, who does not, however, keep the only *auberge* in the place, as Acerbi asserts, for another was mentioned to me. His may, perhaps, be the best, though but indifferently provided. Abo can, however, boast one curious particular, namely, that there is but one barber in the whole town, as our countryman the landlord assured me; and this solitary shaver being in the country, I had no resource but to torture myself, with my own miserable razors.

The river Aurajocky is composed of bad water, and is navigable for larger vessels as high as the bridge, above which there are only small boats. Yocky or Tyocky signifies in the language of the Finns a river, so that with the additional name of Aura, it sounds quite romantic. Such is also the case with the Kemiyocky near Torneo. You perceive that the language of the Finns is not without its graces. It is, as I am told, the original, of which those spoken in Lapland and Esthonia are only dialects. No wonder, therefore, that the Livonians have met with their language in the interior of Asia.

The old castle on the Aura, at a short distance from the town, is not of much consequence. The Swedish military too speak very lightly of it. Near it and under cover lies a part of the flotilla, which so much annoyed the Russians in the last war. These vessels were probably better than those of the Russians only, inasmuch as they were manned by better seamen; for the manning of the Russian fleet partakes of the general and fundamental disadvantages arising from want of personal freedom.

Swedish Finland is stated to have at present a population of sixty thousand more souls than it had twenty years ago; and this, in so large a tract of land, is not improbable, for in every part of it the country is so highly cultivated, that I have seen nothing equal to it in Germany, Italy, or France, as to extent, taking into account the difficulties which it was necessary to surmount. Barley, rye, wheat, peas and flax had all an exceeding healthy appearance. The hemp alone was, in proportion to the rest, small and thin. The system of manuring pursued there is excellent. I must, however, observe that every one in Sweden speaks of this year's crops as most abundant. I never felt so much respect for human industry as during this tour. In some places the good people are obliged to remove whole hills of granite with incredible labour, before they can commit their seed to the ground. And surely they may feel to have atchieved a noble victory, when the sides of the hills are covered with waving corn, and only here and there an invincible point of rock juts out of the remunerating crop. Such sights are numerous in Sweden, more in one province than the rest.

Finland is considered, from its industrious exertions, as the corn-magazine of the surrounding provinces; and the high station which it holds in the universal estimation of the kingdom, may be gathered from the circumstance of all paper currency having its value stamped upon it in the language of the Finns.

My window here gives me a view into the garden, and near me stands a fine large apple tree, the sight of which afforded me at first much pleasure. In all Petersburgh, I saw but a single spot on which a few apple-trees were growing, and this

tree uncommon in Russian Finland; but in spite of my strict observation, I had never seen another oak-leaf till I arrived here. Birches and alders were the usual trees, and it was near Abo that I first again saw hasel-bushes. So much the more was I now gratified by the appearance of the oaks, which grow in the vicinity of Grissleham numerously, and appear to be in a thriving state.

At Edingen, a stage between Grissleham and Upsal, preparations were made to drive me directly to the latter place, for which short distance no less than six rix-dollars were demanded. The real fare did not amount to one. I referred the extortioners to the post-book, in which I had written my name; and insisted that I would pay no more than the regular charge of twelve schillings a mile. The people persisted in their demand, and told a long story of a Russian courier, who had travelled at an exceeding slow pace, gone a great way round, and paid an amazing sum. They seemed further to think that he was perhaps a spy. I could not thoroughly understand them; for I am only acquainted with the Swedish language in a trifling degree, which they spoke with great rapidity, and probably not in the best dialect. I took my knapsack, which I had already buckled to the *carriole*, threw it hastily on my back, and repeated that I would pay no more than the regular fare. At length they consented to proceed for this; but I was already in motion, and told them I would not now step into the carriage at all. They scratched their heads, and I walked away.

I had journied on for several hours, when I began to calculate that I could not reach Upsal on foot, much as I wished it. I therefore stepped into a house not far from the road, which I took for an inn, where I related my story, and asked for horses. It was, however, a private country-house. The principal inhabitants were four ladies, of whom two understood a little French; to which language I had recourse, in consequence of finding that I could not proceed with my narrative in Swedish. They promised that I should be supplied with horses, though it was not an inn, and treated me with some refreshment, particularly good beer, an article which I had not met with since I left Friederichsham. It was, however, very late before the horses arrived, and I entered Upsal by the light of the moon at midnight.

Upsal bears a great name and is a small town, probably not larger than our Lutzen, where the benefactor of Upsal lost his life. Busser of Linkoping has, I understand, written a copious volume on this little place. The cathedral is so large that it would almost contain the population of half a Swedish province. The monument of Linnæus is humbly hidden in it;

for it occupies so retired a corner, that I twice went on purpose to see it without attaining my object. I saw, in lieu of it, a multitude of inscriptions to the memory of great and little men, who created no interest in my mind. The most remarkable monument to me was that of Count Stenbock, who exercised the rights of war with too much rigour at Altona, for which he afterwards did no short penance at Copenhagen. I felt as if my friend Stenbock, of Warsaw, was looking at me, so striking was the likeness.

The next day I visited Thunberg, who lives at his country-house not far from the town, and he had the goodness himself to show me the new botanic garden. The gentry at Palermo told me, when I was there, that they had taken the model of their botanic lecture-room from the Linnean saloon at Upsal. If this be true, they have made many alterations; for neither the new nor the old lecture-room of Linnæus much resemble the one at Palermo. The new botanic edifice here consists of a front with pillars towards the garden, and two wings. In the body of the building is the lecture-room, and in the wings the museum, as well as the warm apartments for the plants. The professor, too, has a very good house in it. The pillars are of Gottenburg sand-stone—granite would surely have been better. The lower part of the walls has been beautifully begun with square blocks of granite, but the superstructure is unhewn and rough, which has a bad effect with respect both to solidity and beauty.

The Museum principally contains articles which Thunberg collected during his travels, and presented to the Academy; so that they will not, like Linnæus's collection, find their way to a foreign country. For a private man, Thunberg's was certainly a rich and extensive collection, and there are many rarities. What most attracted my attention, were three large gazells from Africa, a cassowary, a little African buffalo, and a small very rare kind of spoon-bill. The garden is of considerable extent, and in good order.

You will easily suppose that I also visited the library, in which the only remarkable work that I looked for was the one called "The silver Manuscript of Ulphilas." I had it in my hands, and turned over the leaves without understanding a syllable of their contents. This circumstance alone will prove to you that it cannot be so much torn and so ill used as the late Küttner describes it; for it was delivered without hesitation into the hands of a stranger. But few leaves have suffered so much as to be in an illegible state. I own that I know nothing of the idiom. Next it stands Edward Lyn's edition; and perhaps the fine one of our countryman will likewise find its way hither. The history of the

book, and the circumstance from which it acquired the name of the silver manuscript is known to you; it would, therefore, be tedious to describe it.—I pass over the other curiosities of the library, except the toilet-table, which the city of Augburg, I believe, presented to young Christina. The artists, who praise the moderate productions of our times, ought to see it. M. Samuel Torner, the librarian, is a civil well-informed man; and after we had for a considerable time talked French, interlarded now and then with a little English, I discovered that he understood German, which he proved by writing for me as a token of remembrance a couplet from Haller with perfect correctness.

In my room here at Upsal hung the portraits of Biörnstahl, Stenbock, and Linnæus, charmingly executed by Bernigeroth; and the Siegwart heroes of mournful memory, wretchedly pourtrayed—Von Bumburg del. Schleich sculp.

I one day took a walk to Alt-Upsal, or Old-Upsal, which lies about an hour's saunter from the new town. This was the residence of the antient heathen kings, and two hillocks are yet pointed out as containing their remains. This is probable enough, as they have all the appearance of barrows. The present church is said to be not only the oldest in Sweden, but to have been built in the remote heathen ages. Some pious fanatics date its erection immediately after the flood, and would go still further back, if the Bible would allow it. Strabo at least, I was told, hardly mentioned it. That may be, for ought I know. But Tacitus says of the ancient Germans, of whom the inhabitants of this coast probably then formed a part; "*Cæterum nec cohibere parietibus deos, nec in ullam humani oris speciem assimilari, ex magnitude cælestium putant.*" The rest of this subject I leave to your investigation. I hardly believe that I have written so much Latin during the last ten years.

I happened to ask in company whence Upsal derived its name, for I like to ride my hobby-horse, etymology. Will you believe it? The whole party avowed their ignorance. The Germans would certainly never allow such a stigma to rest on their Athenæum, but would rather publish whole volumes of conjectures and conclusions. I asked further what was the name of the river, which flows past the place, and was answered, the Sale. Upsal is therefore derived naturally enough from Upon the Sale. We looked into some authors, and I perceived with pleasure that Nordbeck had already pointed out my conjecture as the most rational.

The road from Upsal to Stockholm is uncommonly pleasant, sometimes on the Mälar, at others through a most romantic country. The villages in Sweden are small. In many places

only a few houses are to be seen together, and sometimes only a single one, as the soil will allow. This, however, gives the country a cheerful appearance. Indeed, the neatness altogether of the Swedish peasant's economy is beyond the conception of our countrymen.

Stockholm is not improperly called the paradise of the North, if the beautiful disposition of the whole landscape be taken into the account. Indeed, in a strict sense of the word, it should not, perhaps, be called a city; for hardly any where do we perceive any signs of enclosure, and almost every where enjoy an open prospect. Stockholm is one of the pleasantest places I have seen, and if the Mälar could have the Arno's sun, this city would be more like Elysium than Florence is. I am not happy in descriptions of this kind; so I will not make the attempt. You may read a very good one in Küttner's Travels. Acerbi states that he was fond of standing on the bridge before the castle. It is certainly a fine view; but I always seek high situations. To me, therefore, no point was so alluring as a garden near St. Catherine's church, on the other side of the lake, belonging to a tavern, and called Mosebak, or the Mount of Moses. In this situation the whole extensive scene lies stretched before you—the upper and lower part of the Malar, with all the bustle by water and by land. The landlord of this tavern is famed for brewing different sorts of liquor from fruits, which are here much admired. I ordered a bottle of raspberry-beer; but found it so strong that I could scarcely drink it; indeed I do not remember to have ever tasted so strong a beverage of this description. I only drink to quench my thirst, and leave these preparations for epicurean palates.

Sergel is quite well again; at least as well as a man of his age can expect to be. I did not call on him, because I could not suppose that he would feel any pleasure in being disturbed by a total stranger like myself; though I was afterwards assured that I should have found a very friendly reception. His statue of Gustavus the Third is finished, and a Frenchman is now gilding and polishing it. The Frenchman himself was highly polished indeed, and I wish Sergel may take care that the statue be not too much so. The work does honour to the artist, and will have a very good appearance opposite the fine pyramid in the large square behind the palace, where a pedestal is already erected for it. I am in general no admirer of a mixture of the antique and modern. At Berlin it has a very unpleasant effect in William's Place, but on this occasion it is extremely well managed. The Swedish costume is, indeed, more favourable to the artist than the German.

The finest buildings in Stockholm, next to the king's palace, are the opera-house and the mansion of the princess opposite to it.

The statue of Gustavus Adolphus in the square between them loses its effect from the colossal medallions of his ministers and generals below it. The hoof of the king's horse seems to be almost in the act of striking the minister's head, a spectacle which is as repugnant to my feelings as the slaves formerly under the statue of Louis at Paris, and on the bridge over the Spree at Berlin. Are men so base and abandoned, that they can form no idea of greatness, without a degradation of their nature? For my part, I cannot conceive how the former can exist with the latter. At the steps of the palace belonging to the princess are four pillars of granite, which in point of polish are probably not to be surpassed either in Sweden or elsewhere. Some of the bridges and gates of this city already show that the Swedes are both able and willing to work this granite. In Petersburgh, however, the art is better understood. The new academy at Abo and these pillars at Stockholm are the best specimens of it, which I have observed in Sweden; but they are not to be compared with the Herculean labours of the same kind at Petersburgh.

At the opera-house, the whole unfortunate masquerae was described to me, in which the late king lost his life. The apartment is rather small, and if Ankerstroem had not been so imprudent as to use those particular pistols, he would hardly have been discovered among the crowds of attendants and confederates. This edifice, like the Michaeloff palace on the Neva, inspires a peculiar sensation, while the mind reflects that two men, of whom their contemporaries formed a very different opinion, each erected the theatre where the closing tragical scene of his life was acted. The small room was interesting to me, in which Gustavus, during his last moments, gave directions with firm composure for the maintenance of a political establishment. Whether this will prove beneficial to his kingdom and his own family, is still very uncertain. A good king can never have too much power; a bad one has too much even in the most limited government.

The road through the Park to the baths, and back on the other side of the water, is as romantic as can be imagined in Hesperia. A large number of country-houses are here to be seen, among which the seats of the Spanish, English, and Russian ambassadors are most conspicuous. But I no longer looked at all these erections of luxury, when I beheld the large venerable oaks, which here form a truly sacred grove. As a proof of his classic taste, the Spanish ambassador has felled a fine portion of them, in order to build something not very beautiful on the spot. Will you credit me when I tell you that I declined an invitation to a ball in the Park, where I was assured that I should see all the beau-monde of Sweden—at least as much as can be seen in August? Instead of going thither I

first wandered among the rocks, and then pored over my Aristophanes at home. What concern have I with balls? I neither dance, nor play at cards; and I am alread yconvinced that the men in Sweden are brave and polite, the women beautiful and amiable.

A new undertaking here, and one of some consequence, is the working of porphyry of Felfdahl on the borders of Norway. The stone is of exquisite beauty, and the polish admirable. I understand that a joint-stock company has undertaken the prosecution of this experiment, which is so far not exactly what might be wished, as it is to be feared that the prices may in consequence become too high. Orders, however, may now be sent from foreign countries with a drawing of the articles wanted; and these are executed at a stipulated rate, and in an excellent style of workmanship. As far as my knowledge extends, prophyry is very rare in Europe; and if this treasure be properly husbanded, it may be of great advantage to Sweden. The articles do not yet assume that elegance and lightness as to form which is obtained by practice; but the well-known taste of the Swedes in the arts will soon bring this to perfection; and the discovery is worthy of the attention of all Northern Europe. The superintendant of the undertaking is M. Hjelm, director of the mint, a man, who bears the character of possessing an extensive knowledge and refined taste.

I must now relate to you a little story, which is rather humiliating to your humble servant. I have several times been at Weimar, and my friends there repeatedly wished to introduce me to that charming poetess Imhof. But when I am taking my walks, my dress is seldom such as is proper for the palaces of princes, where she then resided. I therefore had never seen her. Here, on the lake of Mälar, I was, of course, less particular with respect to the formalities of dress; and as I heard that she lived at Marienburg, I took a boat and was rowed over. I was directed to a house, where I delivered my card, and waited a minute. A civil young lady now appeared, and said to me with perfect *naïveté*, in a tone by no means unfriendly, but without further preface, "I never heard your name in my life." This was certainly not pleasant to me. "Have I the honour," asked I, "to see madam von Hellwig?" "My sister is ill," replied the lady, "and you cannot see her." "I am sorry for it," observed I. "If," continued she, "you will call again in a week, it may possibly be the case." "That I cannot," answered I. She shrugged her shoulders—I involuntarily imitated her a little, and departed.

This is always my fate when I compel myself to be vastly polite. As I am here, thought I, it is a duty which I owe to the German Muse and my own taste to see the lady, who presented

us with the lovely Sisters of Lesbos.—Well, well! when a man has done his duty, he may proceed quietly; and console himself. "I never heard your name in my life," were the words which sounded in my ear for several minutes after I had stepped into the boat. Yet if my vanity had been very much mortified by the circumstance, I should probably not have related it; for except my Mephistophiles from Stockholm, no one heard it, and he did not understand the German language. I had just ceased to moralize on the subject when my boat-women (for the gondoliers are here principally females) brought up at the customhouse, and announced that they had nothing on board liable to pay duty; a regulation, which appears to me very unnecessary, as goods may be smuggled into Stockholm at a hundred corners, and no one would think of bringing them up the Mälar.

The inhabitants of Stockholm do not speak much of their king; but complaints are made here and there that he is not sufficiently affable, and evinces an evident prejudice against the capital. If this be true, His Majesty certainly does not quite understand what is to his own advantage; for in my opinion the citizens of Stockholm are a good-natured race of people, whose affections it would be easy to acquire. Other circumstances, however, should be considered. The present king, when the fatal catastrophe befel his father, was at an age when occurrences operate more powerfully on the nerves and sensations than on the understanding. The aptitude for impression on both these by any remarkable event still remains, without the understanding being able to gain a firmer superiority, especially when a restless desire of action is confined within narrow limits.

Drotningholm pleased me better than Haga, not because it is larger or more splendid, but because I think the situation near the lake finer and more healthy. The gardens are very extensive, but not well laid out. There are even many contemptible little ornaments and playthings. Neglect is every where visible. Haga is in a lovely retired situation, but it cannot be favourable to health, for I observed in the water near it a number of bog-plants, and the foundation of the building is very little higher than the surface of the lake. The window is, of course, still secretly shown to all strangers, at which the confederates watched for several days previous to the catastrophe of the redoubts, in order to execute their object.

The Swedish military pleased me better than any other. The men are well fed and well clothed, have a commanding appearance and evince great skill. The uniform of the officers is grand and proper, not like the new-fashioned cut of the Russian

and Prussian army, which always makes the officer appear to me like Poverty personified, or at the best gives him the air of an opera dancer, not to mention its bad effects on health; for exposure of the *os sacrun* is, in the opinion of many medical men, often the cause of colds, cholic, fevers, gout, and a whole legion of complaints. Fortunately, matters have not proceeded so far with the common soldier, who is more properly clothed. The objection which I have to the present Russian breeches is that they do not cover the top of the boot, and consequently do not protect the foot from coarse sand and small stones, a matter of great importance during a march. The emperor seems not to have thought of this, when he annulled the regulations of Potemkin, by which the foot was properly secured.

The Swedes are much dissatisfied with Acerbi's Tour; but do not deny that it contains many truths and is written with spirit. During my little excursion I have had opportunities of discovering several inaccuracies, with which he has never been publicly charged. It must, nevertheless, be allowed, that he has made much of his time, and that it is wonderful he had not fallen into more errors, when one reflects on the limited period, during which he made his observations.

We often complain that the Swedes know so little of German literature. It is a question whether we are better versed in their's. With scientific subjects, they are certainly acquainted, as soon as any work of consequence appears in any nation; they are, indeed, frequently before us. But, who can expect them to know the ephemeral productions of all our poets and romance-writers, the principal interest of which, when there is any, can only be felt by the German nation; I have, however, seen translations from the German in various parts of the country, among which were particularly Lafontaine's novels. I heard an anecdote here of Leopold the secretary of state. He was at the play when the Stranger, translated from Kotzebue, was performed. The secretary is himself known to the nation as a good poet, and rigid critic. He cursed and railed at Kotzebue during the performance with uncommon violence, yet at intervals the tears gushed from his eyes, when a pathetic passage occurred. "What a contradiction," said a friend to him, "at one moment to censure, at the next to weep!" "It is no contradiction," answered Leopold, "I condemn the whole—I shed tears at solitary parts. Several of these are excellent—yet the whole is bad."

Some of our countrymen detained me here longer than I intended. In Reyer the Saxon *chargé-d'-affaires* I found an old university acquaintance; and it was natural that we should celebrate on the Mälar the recollection of many pleasant hours passed on the Pleisse.

LETTER IX.

COPENHAGEN, *28th August* 1805.

ON the 17th inst. I left Stockholm, and on the 25th crossed the Sound to this place. You perceive, therefore, that I have neither travelled very rapidly, nor much the reverse. My tour through Sweden is probably the pleasantest of my life. I wish, however, that the inns afforded rather better fare. This is of no great consequence to me; but to some it would be otherwise. The journey may, indeed, be so regulated as to make meals only at towns; but by this mode the enjoyment of the country is materially abridged; and the country is surely far preferable to the town.

On the first day I had determined to reach Nykoeping, which I effected, but at a late hour. It was not a very early one, when I drove out of Stockholm; I was detained here and there; I found the road pleasant, and took my time. Eleven Swedish miles constitute a tolerable day's journey, so that it was midnight when I reached my destination. Every one at the inn was asleep, except the ostler, who offered to forward me immediately, but I wanted to sleep here; for it had rained heavily in the course of the evening, and I was wet. I should have liked to pursue my way on foot through the night, but to sit in wet clothes and a cold wind did not suit me. On foot I could not at present proceed; as I had at Stockholm taken charge of some *learning*, which weighed thirty pounds, for Mr. Ulrich, of Norkoeping, and this it would be impossible for me to carry, in addition to my knapsack. I entered the porch—I knocked and shouted at the door, assisted by my postillion—no one awoke—no one heard us. I threw, therefore, my luggage on the stone-floor, converted it, as well as I could, into a pillow, and lay down to rest; for to think of eating was now out of the question, though I was hungry. In Nykoeping, the night air, even on the 17th of August, feels rather cool, especially when a person lies on a stone floor in wet clothes; so that I awoke shuddering and uncomfortable. Besides this, I had some strange neighbours, who uttered tones of a very peculiar kind; so that I was for a long time conjecturing what species of animal they could belong to. When I moved, they seemed as

if placing themselves on the defensive. I conjectured whether they might be parrots, or guinea-pigs, or squirrels; but at break of day I discovered them to be two cats, who had been playing their gambols. You must make allowances for my ignorance. In my secluded dwelling I have never kept any living creature, and have in particular no predilection for a cat. I now began to make a noise in earnest; this at length waked a kind of hostess, who, however, told me I could have nothing at that house, but might find accommodation at one opposite. I went thither, knocked, was welcomed, and ordered breakfast, to make amends for my want of supper. Why did not the blockhead of a postillion bring me hither at first! Here I should have been comfortable.

After I had warmed and refreshed myself sufficiently, I resumed my seat in the *carriole*, and made a short day's journey to Norkoeping, where I staid the next two days, because—I liked it; that is, I liked it very much; for had I staid at every place which pleased me during my tour, I should have found a want both of time and cash.

The situation of Norkoeping must appear very beautiful to any one, who is not come from Stockholm. The Motala (as I believe the river is called which flows through the town) has a very pleasant effect from its forming several considerable waterfalls even in the town itself. Below it is navigable for pretty large three-masted vessels, and shipbuilding seems to be carried on to some extent. Here is to be found the first district of any extent, which, after leaving Upsal, an inhabitant of a level country would call a plain. But when we speak of a plain in Sweden, no reference must be made to those of Liegnitz, Lutzen or Chalons. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of Norkoeping, there are gentle ascents, and at the distance of a few miles, hills are visible. In fact, the waterfalls prove that there is no dead flat here. This town formerly had considerable manufactories of copper articles; but they have been on the decline for some time.

The Bath at Himmelsdalund is a pleasant walk not far from the town, where one easily satisfied will meet with more enjoyment of nature and life than he hopes for, and where the more refined may also be gratified.

The society here is polished and well informed—it must be owned, indeed, that in no country is universal cultivation to be more met with than in Sweden. M. Ulrich, to whom I delivered the package of learning which I had brought from Stockholm, received me with generous hospitality, and shewed me every civility which I could have expected from a fellow-countryman.

In his company I became acquainted with M. Lindahl, a man who would, from his extensive knowledge and liberal sentiments, be an honour to any nation. Being a man of property, and having no family, he retired from the mercantile concern, in which he had succeeded his father, and made several tours through various parts of Europe, in the course of which he became personally acquainted with the most learned men of Germany and France. He now leads a life of lettered ease, and in his house, which is conducted upon an excellent and hospitable scale, literary treasures are to be found, which are but very seldom met with in the collection of a private man, and more seldom still, when that private man has been a merchant. He has the best publications upon all subjects connected with the arts; and he himself possesses a collection of engraved portraits, amounting to twenty thousand. In history and philosophy too he is tolerably rich. Among his rare books are some, which we in vain look for among the greater collections. He shewed us two copies of the Koran beautifully written; a printed and a manuscript copy of the excommunicated work *De tribus Impostoribus*. During my short examination of it, I did not observe any thing particular. At all events it was not the old original copy, belonging to the emperor Frederick the 2d. Bayle's book contains quite as much heresy, with keener and more forcible argument. I also here met with a very rare Swedish catechism, by one bishop Emporagrius von Strenguäs, which denies the wife to possess any personal right, and counts her among the furniture and moveables of her husband. You may easily suppose that such a publication was prohibited and burnt. His other rarities I have forgotten; but his liberal sentiments afforded me great satisfaction. He knew our native country and our German literature better than many a German professor.

Should you ever visit Norkoeping, I can in every respect recommend the great inn kept by M. Lüdeke. The accommodation and fare are good; the charges for them are reasonable. But who can answer how long it will remain so? for in nothing are changes more rapid and remarkable, than in governments and inns.

The road from Norkoeping to Jonkoeping by Linkoeping and Grenna is fine throughout, and in some parts beautifully romantic. The cultivation of the soil on every side is smiling and exemplary. Near Bankeberg I could at one time see six villages with churches, and at Oestad two churches stood within gunshot of each other, which in Sweden would hardly be expected. Near Miölby the country is uncommonly fertile. A river flows through it from the hills on the right. Every countenance glistened with satisfaction and cheerfulness—every thing seemed to breath activity and dili-

gence. Near Linkoeping I saw some young women with faces than which Raphael's fancy, in his happiest moments, could not have formed more beautiful. At Kumla I stepped into a *Carriole*, which for slightness and craziness perhaps never had its equal. The vehicle called a *Carriole*, has only two wheels; and the one on my side was not circular, but in the form of a spheroid. Fancy to yourself how pleasant it must be to drive in such a machine on rocky roads. The motion was almost as bad as that of the *Telege* in Russia, and made every one of my ribs ache grievously. I must, however, do the Swedes the justice to confess that I met with but few of these bad carriages. The Swedish postillions have, however, an unaccountable custom. The roads are good, and in general tolerably smooth; yet can it not be expected but that here and there loose stones will be lying, some large, others small. Over all these stones every Swedish postillion seems determined to drive, and never misses them. Probably every wheel is intended to supply the place of a rammer, and ultimately to force these stones into the road. This is, to be sure, not very pleasant to the traveller, or to the owner of the vehicle. In our country a very different practice is pursued, and with a very bad effect; for no sooner is a road repaired than a heavy waggon forces ruts into it, which are strictly followed by every wheel that afterwards passes, and thus the road is soon completely ruined. "He can't drive in the ruts," is a proverb among German boors to signify a stupid fellow. All I can say is that I wish no one could drive in the ruts. We should then have good roads, and be able to keep them good.

In Sweden the roads seldom show the deep marks of wheels; but I grant that such heavy waggons do not pass over them, as in the neighbourhood of Leipzig.

When the traveller has passed for about an hour in Sweden through wild masses of granite he is often agreeably surprised by a little laughing paradise at once opening to his view.

From Osjö, Holkaberg and Grenna quite to Jonkoeping, the countless and often romantic windings of the Wenner lake are ever in view.

In Grenna I again found very fine cherries for the first time, which I much enjoyed. They were certainly not quite so good as at Lodi; but when a person has just crossed the Gulph of Bothnia, he is not quite so fastidious as when he has for a month before revelled in the charms of nature near Mount Etna.

From Grenna past Raby to Jonkoeping it is pleasant to proceed by water; and the hills on the right have a very picturesque effect. At Jonkoeping, which is a very neat little town on the Wenner lake, the agreeable country is closed, and the traveller

now proceeds for several stages surrounded by wild forests and woods. But here too industry of every kind has effected what nature at first seemed to deny.

Near Stockholm the harvest was begun, and I had observed groupes of reapers from time to time on the whole way to Jonkoeping; but now they ceased. In some districts between Norkoeping and Linkoeping I saw corn of a height and strength, which I before had no conception of. Not far from Jonkoeping, I stepped into a corn field, which was by no means the best that I had observed, and without further search pulled up a stem, which produced ten sound ears. An eleventh, which was sickly, I threw away, because it seemed to contain but few sound grains. The least of these ears contained forty-six, and the best fifty-eight grains; and the produce of the whole stem was five hundred and four. I also found several single ears of corn, containing sixty-six grains. It appears to me that this is at least equal to our produce; but I am not farmer enough to speak decisively on the point.

Barnarp, Byarem, Skillingaryd, Klafshult are the stages by which I proceeded from Jonkoeping; they are all rather sterile, and covered with wood. As far as Skillingaryd I was conveyed and accompanied by Dr. Gothilander of Jonkoeping. Varnarno and Tano are again agreeable stages; the latter place is contiguous to a lake of considerable extent; but on the whole, picturesque and beautiful country may be said to cease till you pass over the hills to Schonen. Nevertheless, even the wild acclivities themselves sometimes discover between them small portions of land, in which the situation and soil have yielded to persevering industry. In my whole tour through Sweden I have no where seen such a wilderness as from Planina to Adlersberg in Carinthia.

Would you believe it? I almost think that I am beginning to feel symptoms of sentimentality in my old age. I have been a few times in action. I have seen several comrades fall before me and at my side, and yet I found no particular emotion under the left button-hole. At present, as I was passing between Markaryd and Fagerhult about sun-set, I again beheld the leaf of the beech. Involuntarily I fell upon the bank close to it, and kissed the leaf, and hid my face in the thicket. I even believe that a tear started into my eye. There must be in this something of the *dulcis patriæ fumus* which makes the Laplander discontented with Hamburgh. If no oaks and beeches grow in paradise, I shall certainly not long remain there. In the neighbourhood of Fagerhult, the beeches were in such perfection as is hardly to be witnessed even in our Thuringia woods. That portion of Schonen, through which I passed, is far from being so beautiful as others described to me, or indeed as the province altogether. Towards

Malmoe and Lund it must be better and more fertile. There are, however, certainly some rich views near a river, the name of which has escaped me; but on approaching within a few miles of Helsingborg, the cultivation is far inferior to that above. There seem, indeed, to be some hindrances occasioned by moisture; but it nevertheless appears to me, that more might and ought to be done.

The king was just coming with his suite from the neighbouring bath, as I entered Helsingborg; and an officer of his escort commanded my postillion from a considerable distance, to make way in a voice of thunder, as if had been commanding at least a couple of battalions.

Of all the towns which I had seen in Sweden, Helsingborg appeared to have the least attractions, although it is not quite neglected by nature In consequence of an agreement between the two nations, there are on the Swedish side no fortifications whatever. The old castle has a telegraph; but I know not with what point it communicates—probably towards Malmoe, and then further on the coast. Acerbi says that he only saw one telegraph, which was at Grissleham; but they are to be met with in various places; and not unfrequently in the islands of the Gulph of Bothnia, which convey intelligence to, and receive it from Finland. It would be absurd to have such a machine at Grissleham only, for it would be impossible to communicate thereby with the coast of Finland. On the Finland side I grant that I saw none; but they are probably nearer to the sea.

For a boat over the Sound I was obliged to pay four Swedish dollars and a half; and had again the pleasure to spend five hours in stormy weather on the water, though the passage usually does not exceed thirty minutes. Neptune seems to be universally against me. Even my first voyage from the North Sea to America, occupied two and twenty weeks.

It appears rather singular, that a fixed opinion should still prevail of the possibility that a fleet of any consequence could be opposed with effect, if determined on sailing through the Sound. Various examples have proved this conjecture to be fallacious. With a tolerable wind not only lord Nelson, but any other resolute Briton or Batavian may pass with a squadron of tolerable strength. The width is considerable, and the balls from the Danish batteries must have lost much of their force. Nothing can operate decisively against the passage, unless the shallows on the opposite side compel vessels to steer closer to the Danish coast, which I do not believe. Single merchant's vessels may certainly be compelled to bring to; but this is more effected by the guardships than by the batteries on land. It

appears to me that one may sail as easily through the Sound with reference to opposition from the shore, as through the Straights of Messina. But seamen may decide on this, who better know the depth of water.

The Sound, both above and below, affords to the eye a surprising and highly gratifying spectacle, from the number of vessels belonging to all nations, and consisting of all sizes, which are there collected. Helsingoer, or Elsineur with its old citadel, has certainly a better appearance than Helsingborg; but then the Swedish coast on the right towards Gothenburg, possesses infinitely more picturesque beauty.

It is said to be a distance of five miles from the coast to the capital; but Danish miles are well known to be rather short, and these are remarkably so. The road is good, when compared with those of Germany; but only tolerable, if compared with those of Sweden.

There is, perhaps, no district in Europe, which affords so much pleasing variety of cultivation, as from the Sound to this place. The villages and little towns are so neat, that they may vie with those of England. From the time I left Schonen, the complaint of an uncommonly wet and cold season was universal; and the appearance of the crops was striking. Till I reached Jonkoeping, I found the peasantry busily employed in the harvest. At Schonen and here, no one had yet thought of it. The corn was still green, and every one alarmed on that account.

It was Sunday, and all the houses of entertainment were full of jocund guests, who enjoyed the holiday according to their different inclinations. On the road from Helsingoer to this place, there are several remarkably fine woods of beech; and you know what pleasure the sight of a tree, so congenial to my native soil, always affords me. What first reminded me of the capital was, the large three-cornered place surrounded on every side by lines, where Struensee paid the forfeit of his inconsiderate folly—for who can decide when this becomes criminality?

If I should never again visit Sweden, the recollection of my tour will still afford me frequent satisfaction. It is the most polished and most pleasant of the northern countries. Amidst all the poverty, which can neither be denied nor concealed, there reigns universal regularity, and apparent comfort. In Sweden it is very rarely that you meet with men, whose looks and corpulence proclaim, that the chief object of their lives is practically to study the best system of digestion.

The inhabitants are universally more industrious than in many other countries, particularly Germany and Russia. I regret that I could not see more of the northern provinces, and particularly Dalecarlia—a district of which the Swedes are justly

so proud. My journey was confined to the direct road from Aberfors to Helsingborg, with the little deviation to Upsal. I travelled, nevertheless, a hundred and eighty German miles; and not a single spot did I see, of which I could say: "This is dreary—I should not like to live here." In my whole tour through Sweden, I only met with a single beggar; and this was at Stockholm, on the bridge before the castle. Of what wealthy country can the same be said? Among the Britons, who buy and sell the world, the beggars almost form a regular guild.

The two greatest monumeuts of national exertion in Sweden, Trolhätta and Karlskrone, I unfortunately did not see; but they are so well known from the description of Küttner, and other travellers, that you do not lose any thing. I was somewhat sorry, I allow, that time would not permit me to visit these two places.

You must allow me to make an observation on a matter of rural econoiny, which may, perhaps, not be unprofitable to our native country. Küttner has already remarked, that in Sweden there are machines in the fields and meadows which resemble large racks; and on these hay and corn are dried when necessary. Küttner speaks of this as peculiar to Sweden; but similar precautions are taken in Lithuania, Courland and Livonia, and indeed generally through the northern countries, where the weather is not to be trusted. I have also observed them in North America, and I should be surprised if they are not used in Scotland. I also remember to have seen them in the marshy parts of the Netherlands. Indeed, wherever wet is dreaded, such precautions are very natural. Might one not go a step further, and arrange the matter in such a way, that every peasant should have a drying-place with this convenience immediately before his house, so that he might avail himself of every moment which suited either for drying or stacking? When it is not necessary, so much the better; but there are frequently harvests which demand such an arrangement—for instance the present one. Before the labourers have reached a distant field, turned over the hay, and prepared to load, the weather perhaps changes, and nothing further can be done. But were the article removed to the front of the labourer's dwelling, the whole family could work whenever weather permitted, and stack immediately. That this is attended with additional labour is evident; but what will a person not do to save the fruits of the earth, and fodder for his cattle? I remember, indeed, to have seen a few good farmers pursue this practice in Germany, when necessity demanded it.

The cultivation of land by burning wood upon it, and using

the ashes as manure, is no longer so common in Sweden, as in Livonia and Russian Finland. It is, nevertheless, a practice, which is here and there to be met with. The trees are felled, the trunks removed for more profitable purposes, and the remainder burnt for manure. In Russian Finland, the operation has sometimes a dreadful appearance. I have seen seven or eight men and women blackened by the smoke, and half burnt by the heat, wandering from fire to fire with large poles, and encouraging the blaze till every piece of wood was consumed.

In Sweden, as in many other places, a complaint is made of wood being scarce for fuel, and search has already been made for coal, but hitherto without much success. In several parts of the kingdom, the mines cannot be worked for want of wood.

LETTER X.

LUBECK, *8th September*, 1805.

I TOLD the postillion, as we entered Copenhagen, that he must take me to a good inn, where the people spoke some other language as well as Danish; for I made but very bad progress in my studies. The further I penetrated into Sweden, the less I seemed to improve; so that I at length laid aside my Pepliers, began to treat the matter practically, and by the help of English, managed to make myself tolerably understood. Just as I was beginning to murder the Swedish language in a more determined way, by attaining a kind of fluency, and just as I had persuaded myself to like their Knackabroe, I crossed the Sound. Thus it is with life itself—we are hardly settled comfortably before we set sail.

My postillion brought me, then, to the Royal Hotel, opposite the Old Castle, at Copenhagen. It was impossible, he said, to meet with better accommodation, and indeed, I was satisfied. The house, as you may suppose, is managed in great style. The smart waiters who came to the door, looked somewhat dubiously at me and my knapsack, as if to say that neither of us had any business here. For a man, whose appearance does not hold forth favourable promise, is sure to meet with contempt. He need not be either learned, or wise, or honest, if his appearance be but prepossessing.

"Shew me a room," said I to the gazing Mephistophiles. My tone had a better effect than my figure. He very politely took my knapsack, and led me to an apartment, which I liked well enough. The hotel is certainly situated in one of the finest squares which the city can boast, and in these it is not deficient.

Before me on the canal a great degree of mercantile bustle prevailed—vessels taking in and delivering their various cargoes. On the opposite side, soldiers were at work among the ruins of the old palace, and collecting from them materials for new buildings. This is one of the largest and finest ruins that I ever beheld; and would do honour to the taste of any age or nation. I am of opinion that there is no other such building further to the north—at least as far as I can judge from my observations in Russia and Sweden.

The whole of Zealand and Copenhagen in particular, lies very low. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that foreigners make so many complaints about damp, unhealthy, rheumatic air. Marezoll, particularly, dwells on this; and if I may judge from my short residence there, which was towards the end of August too, I am much inclined to support his opinions; for even at that fine season of the year, above half the days were gloomy and rainy.

In Copenhagen, a German may fancy himself half at home. I am not well qualified for hunting after literary trifles, or collecting minute statistical particulars, you must excuse me then, if my information in this respect be rather meagre. I was only once at the Royal Library. It is not rich, when compared with those of Paris, Vienna, or Dresden; but nevertheless, of some consequence. There was a large collection of duplicates laid aside, which were going to the new institutions in Russia. Moldenhawer was not present, and I heard, at several places, reflections on his literary egotism. It is well known that Suhm purchased the library left by Reiske, and presented it to the Royal one. There were some articles of considerable value in it; for instance, Golius with Reiske's notes—Reiske's Dissertations on the Arabian Physicians, with many later remarks—an interleaved copy of Stobæus, with manuscript remarks by Reiske. All these lay for many years in a corner without any notice being taken of them. At length they were put into some order, but no one knows what is become of the Stobæus. It may readily be imagined that an interleaved book of Reiske, contains something remarkable. I am sorry for all this on Moldenhawer's account; but I have good authority for what I state.

An unfounded complaint is, however, made against the library by some, who assert, that every thing which is written by foreigners, and particularly by Englishmen, against Denmark, is carefully concealed. The truth, as I am informed, is, that all the works on Danish history stand in the divisions of the upper gallery. Whether it is a good method to lay the history of the country somewhat aside, is another question. Of modern

works there are very few of any consequence, either in the arts, philology, or history.

The Musæum contains, besides a number of pleasing trifles, many articles, which are of the greatest interest not only to Denmark, but to Germany. What a pity that the celebrated golden horns should have been so shamefully lost! As a proof of the clemency, which distinguishes the Danish government, the villain who stole and destroyed them, was not punished with death, but only sent to the house of correction. Of all the musæums which I have seen, this is probably the richest and most instructing to a student of history. The antichamber is of greater importance than is supposed. It contains a collection of paintings, which are generally not much valued, but which probably cannot be equalled in all the rest of Copenhagen. The paintings in the musæum itself have little beyond historical value, and are principally portraits from Margaret, down to the present reigning family. But in the antichamber there are several pieces of sterling merit, selected from among the best masters of the Italian schools. The inspector told me, in answer to my enquiries respecting three of them, that they were by Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael. I am not connoisseur sufficient to say, that he was positively right, but it is probable. The only one I have my doubts about, is that said to be by Leonardo da Vinci, as I do not perceive in it his usual perfection, either in the drawing or colouring. But there are certainly others in the collection, which are classically Italian. I am told that there are more in the various royal castles and palaces of Zealand. It would, therefore, be perhaps better to bring all the good old pieces hither, or collect them together in any other place. I neither saw Klasse's library, nor that of the university. The founder of the first was, as you probably know a man, who in every respect deserved the praise and gratitude of his native country, as well as the respect of every upright man in Europe. From the rank of an unknown private man, he rose, through his own exertion and comprehensive genius in many sciences, (particularly mechanics and physics,) to a situation which gave him opportunities of becoming the benefactor of a great city. There is scarcely any public institution here, which has not enjoyed some portion of his bounty, and his name is every where mentioned with cordial reverence.

One of the pleasantest excursions which I had was in a boat with Scheel, who, as city-physician, has the care of the quarantine. This is here regulated in a most excellent manner, and all the other northern ports place confidence in the investigation. Whatever is examined here, and found healthy, may pass any where; and with respect to ships, that have not been examined,

the regulations here adopted are copied at the other ports. Scheel is, in this respect, a happy man; wherever he appears, he seems to be the harbinger of freedom; for, till his examination has taken place, of course, no one can go on shore. The Danes are at present, probably next to the English, the most extensive navigators. Almost every day vessels arrive from all parts of the world, and principally Danish. Hence the luxuries of different countries crowd to the Sound, where they are fully enjoyed. A turtle feast, with the usual accompaniment of foreign wines, is common among the merchants here. Cato would probably not have been very well satisfied with such a meal; but who will look among the favourite children of Mercury for frugality?

Masters of ships are continually bringing hither assortments of wild beasts, as the love of gain or whim may direct, and without thinking that they thereby afford great pleasure to the natural historian. Altogether, Copenhagen is the best and pleasantest port I know. That of Syracusa alone might be made better, if the people there were not too idle. No where is so great an assemblage of vessels belonging to all nations; for it is, the best intermediate port between the north and the south.

One of the West-India vessels, which I visited with Scheel, was originally an American, the whole crew of which had been massacred by the negroes at Guinea. From the negroes it came to the Portuguese; and from them to the Danes. Several marks still remained in the ship, which shewed the fury of the negroes. It would not be amiss if a similar fate were to overtake all those inhabitants of Bristol and Liverpool, who with true British humanity, to their own infamy, and that of Christendom, perpetuate the slave trade. It would be but a very slender remuneration for the horrors, which they partly practise, partly cause.

By one of the vessels from the West Indies, the Board of Health at Copenhagen lately received for examination, the matter of the yellow-fever, in a bottle hermetically sealed; for the faculty there were unanimously of opinion, that the disorder was epidemic, but not contagious. An original idea this of sending the yellow fever under seal to Europe. The matter was described to have been taken from the patient in the most violent crisis of the disorder. You may easily suppose that this intelligence, and the appearance of the bottle, had no very pleasant effect, and the city-physician received orders to take the precious donation, and carefully to deposit it in one of the deepest parts of the sea. No examination of it, therefore, took place; though there were not wanting medical men at Copenhagen too, who were convinced that it might have been done without danger.

Every one at that place still speaks with enthusiasm of the

battle fought on the third of April, and describes some trait of valour and generosity to the honour of the nation. In fact, the British navy learnt, on the above day, that it is not quite so almighty as it fancied itself. If the Russian and Swedish fleets could have formed a junction at the same time, the Triton Nelson would have repented his rash adventure. He, however, had doubtless made his calculations on the climate. There has, probably, seldom been so noble, so active, so universal a defence. Every person willingly devoted his whole strength to the service of the state; and the day is certainly one of the fairest in the annals of the nation. Young men without a name, proved themselves heroes, and common inexperienced people seemed to be tried warriors. Such is ever the consequence when a nation is attacked as a nation, and has to fight for house and hearth, before that house and hearth. This day, however, also shewed what was wanting towards the defence of the city. On the land side, Copenhagen is one of the most considerable fortresses that I have seen. It was towards the water that danger was to be apprehended; and though a landing must be accompanied with risk, and is not very probable, yet might the city have been held in rather a strict blockade. They are now remedying this by two batteries, fixed rather deep in the water. The one, called the great battery, placed upwards towards the Sound, is now almost finished, and is truly a gigantic work. It lies about the distance of a cannon shot from the shore, exactly opposite to the custom-house and haven; and can contain within itself all the requisites for a long siege, if it could at all times be provided from the city: if it be properly made use of, it will sooner be able to sink a fleet, than a fleet can destroy it; unless, indeed, the enemy should be in possession of the shore. On the site of the other battery, which is to be on the right, lie, at present, three hulls of vessels. They are old ships of the line aground. This battery is about to be begun, and is to be called Provesteen, if I mistake not; after the name of the brave captain, who here obstinately opposed the enemy, and first fell in the engagement. A noble action, a noble death, and a noble reward! When these two batteries shall be completed, it will probably be very difficult to injure Copenhagen by blockade, if its fleet can render it any portion of assistance. The support of these two works must always be a primary consideration with the state, if the metropolis is to flourish in security.

Copenhagen is not so beautifully and romantically situated as Stockholm; but there are many fine views in its neighbourhood. By taking a boat on a pleasant evening, and sailing beyond the great battery, you command such a prospect all round, as is not to be equalled in the whole Baltic. On some of the heights too, you

see the fine coast of Zealand quite to the Sound, and the coast of Sweden almost as high as Malmoe. Naples itself excels this country only in luxuriant fertility and classic scenery; the cultivation of the soil, and the manners of the people, are here far superior.

Friederichsberg is a charming object for a walk, and if, after visiting it, you will return by the coast to Copenhagen, you will enjoy an abundant portion of Nature's beauties, and procure a good appetite for your dinner. The Emperor of Russia would probably give a few millions, if he could only have the vegetation of Copenhagen at Peterhof. Walnuts grow in great perfection at Friederichsberg, and fruit in general is tolerably good.

I called twice on Münter, but did not find him at home. Had I known what I afterwards learnt at sea, I should probably have called twice more. He had, it appears, just received letters from Landolina, who was accidentally at Naples during the last earthquake, and has described the whole dreadful catastrophe minutely to his northern friend. To have heard or read any thing from the worthy Syracusan, would have been a real pleasure to me. Perhaps it may be my lot to see him again—perhaps we may again enjoy the grape-feast together, and I may again listen to his remarks respecting the garden of Alcinous.

At Scheel's, or at Schumacher's house (I forget which of the two) I saw a book on the fever which prevails among the Lascars, written by an Englishman, Mr. Hunter, probably a relation of the celebrated surgeon of the same name, and printed at Calcutta. The impression was so beautiful, that it is but rarely equalled in Germany, and was, indeed, very little inferior to the English fine printing.

The island of Amager, which is connected with the city by a bridge belonging to the fortifications, is the kitchen-garden of Copenhagen; and the rich Hollandish cultivation of it affords a most agreeable relief to the eye. It was sometimes my amusement in an afternoon, to see the artillerists throw their bombs here. I cannot, however, say much in favour of their skill; for when I was present they were seldom near the mark, and never hit it.

I am but a bad caterer. I was therefore truly obliged to our countryman M. Fiedler, who provided my basket with an abundance of good fare previous to my passage. Neptune and Œolus are seldom in good humour with me. The wind, on this occasion, blew strongly from Kiel, which was the place of my destination; so we were five whole days in a voyage which generally occupies four and twenty hours. The best of the case was, that I had time to spare, that I was in good company, and that we were all well furnished with provisions. One of my friends at Copenhagen had desired that I would give myself no trouble, as he would arrange every thing respecting my passage

with the captain of the vessel; and that I might rely on a snug cabin and bed. I had taken his advice, and given myself no trouble; but was not so fortunate in this case as I had been with regard to my provisions. The consequence of my dependance on my friend's promise was, that I found myself obliged to sleep on a large chest; and this suited me as little as the salt-beef and pork which was my constant fare in the English transport, in which I embarked for America during the colonial war. On the second night I exchanged the chest for the floor, and slept under the table, rocked by the storm. Thus the chest and the floor took their turn till the last night, when a Hamburgh physician resigned his bed to me, half out of vexation, as he said; for being rather corpulent, his narrow quarters squeezed him too closely to be borne. In fact, I have no doubt but that the worthy man's good nature was the real cause of his resignation. The sea ran very high during our passage. We had several ladies on board, and every one of them was sick. I believe I never was so gallant in my life as during this voyage.

The male part of the ship's club consisted of a Danish officer, a Danish barrister, the abovementioned Esculapius of Hamburgh, a Mr. Pontoppidan, Mr. Lenz, the natural historian, a dumb Englishman, my countryman Schmidt, from Grimme, and your humble servant. The laugh, the joke, the song went merely round.

I cannot say much for the regulation of Danish packet-boats. The cabin might and should have been much better. I think it wrong too, that the passenger is not provided with meat. If a liberal sum were fixed, under the authority of government, for both the passage and provisions, it would be a great accommodation. At present the provision baskets of the passengers create great confusion, and no one enjoys a comfortable meal. The people too on deck, are treated very inhumanly. Of these there were about eighteen, belonging to the lower class of the community. They were, during the whole passage, exposed to the cold rain, as well as to the waves, which frequently washed the deck. Such a voyage is almost equal to a campaign—no roof, no covering, not a remnant of sail-cloth! The hold was filled with merchandize. We heard moans and chattering of teeth above us—every one seemed to be under the influence of an ague. Were the Crown Prince, of whose good and generous disposition all Denmark speaks with enthusiasm, to see such a spectacle, he would certainly provide against its recurrence. These people would willingly pay something more, if they were allowed protection from the inclemency of the weather, and a sheltered spot to sleep upon. Humanity demands it. The passage is forty miles,

and a contrary wind makes it much more. A covering over head can be procured even by a common beggar. The best regulated passage is, perhaps, by the royal packets from Naples to Palermo.

I thought we should never get rid of the islands. Moen, and Langeland, and Falster, and whatever the rest are called, were everlastingly in sight; and we every hour expected to be driven ashore towards Mecklenburg. At length, we sung ourselves into sight of the Kiel fortress Friederichsort; but we approached it very slowly. A fishing boat now joined us, and offered to take some of the company; but they could not, Heaven knows why, come to an agreement. I had hitherto not uttered a syllable on the subject, being resigned to my fate, and unwilling to occupy any other person's place in the boat. "How many can the boat take?" demanded I at length. "Sixteen," was the answer; and scarcely was it given before I had snatched my hat, and leapt into it. "Whoever wishes to go must make haste," said I, "or I proceed alone." For you must know that whenever my purse is at its lowest ebb, my spirit is at its highest flood. The company soon assembled—no one remained behind but the British dealer in monosyllables; and we proceeded towards the town as fast as the fishermen could row us. The entrance into the bay of Kiel has a pleasing effect. On the right are the citadel, the canal, and the wood—on the left several neat villages, with a groupe of picturesque hills. I did not suppose that ship-building was carried on here to so great an extent as it is. The haven is navigable by large vessels quite up to the town.

At Kiel I found an old acquaintance, and made several new ones. Among the latter were Mr. Weber and his son, who are sufficiently known to you as literati. The son had lately been in Sweden, and I was glad to find that he too had been much pleased with that country. Sweden, indeed, must have rich resources for him as a botanist. Heinrich of Breslaw, who is professor here, seems to be much more comfortable near the Baltic, than he was on the banks of the Oder. The town of Kiel does not please me, but the neighbourhood much. There is, to be sure, no Alpine sublimity; but the country has an undulated appearance, which lulls the soul into repose and contemplation. No Tell will here summon his confederates to the great patriotic tragedy; but Voss may chuse it as a favourite spot on which to sing his Idyls. Ramdohr has done this country injustice when he decried it, and the good people of Kiel are justified in being dissatisfied with his account. To a painter of landscape there is, to be sure, nothing particularly remarkable; but the scenery will afford much pure enjoyment to the uncorrupted child of Nature.

A morning walk through Düsterbrook to the mouth of the canal, and hence to Knop, is a real gratification. I should like much to travel up the whole canal to the North-sea—the beauties must be numerous and varied. Between the mouth of it and Knop, which is hardly an hour's walk, a great number of vessels passed us; and it is amusing to see them go through the locks in rapid succession. The estate and garden of Count Baudissen are not in the highest style of beauty, for the country would hardly allow it; but there is in both a happy mixture of what is useful and pleasing. I have seldom made a more agreeable breakfast than the one at the canal inn.

Two of my acquaintance kindly accompanied me as far as Prez, where they introduced me to a gentleman, who thought the treasures of Pilnitz by far the most valuable of any which our native land possesses. I was rather astonished at this remark, till I recollected that I was conversing with botanists; and it must gratify you to hear, in what high repute the extensive learning of our elector stands. This is just; but I would rather see him now and then in Thüringen, examining the roads, and visiting the people. The plants will thrive, and the stars follow their right course; but on the roads, and among the people, all is not as he himself would wish it. The prince is good and just; he is honoured and beloved. I would pledge my head that he might, at the side of any single peasant, walk securely through his dominions. His people would welcome him—woe, therefore, to the man, who shall excite suspicion in his mind as to his people! I neither fear nor expect any thing from princes; and may, therefore, with propriety speak of them with manly freedom.

At Ploen, I passed an hour with M. von Hennings at the castle, and was sorry I could not stay longer. This little town is neat enough; but the lake is a wild sort of beauty. The peninsula behind the garden is romantic; the banks, however, are too little cultivated, and have a dead appearance. It is life, only which speaks home to the heart of man, The eye looks for objects, with which it can combine human beings, and when it cannot find these, it causes a train of ideas like Young's Night Thoughts, of which every one wishes to be rid. Such was the effect which the water had on me here, and at Eutin. The prospects are very fine for a few minutes, and if the bustle of mankind were added to them, they would be so for many days.

At Eutin, my soul was with him who no longer inhabits the place, and I sought him in idea, on the Saal, and on the Rhine.

To day I reached Lubeck in good time. I have taken a walk through the town, and another round it. I have written this letter to you, and to-morrow I proceed to Hamburgh. Farewell.

LETTER XI.

Leipzig, 1st October, 1805.

HERE I am in my old hermitage again! Between Lubeck and this place I saw but little worthy of recording to you; for the road and objects of curiosity are well known to every German who has read a System of Geography, and a newspaper.

At Hamburgh, the postillion drove me to a large inn, called, I believe, Kaiser's Hof, which is exactly opposite to all the Emperors in the Senate-house. The divisions of this house seem to me very like those of the German empire. You study for a long time in hopes of discovering the plan on which they were formed, and at last you perceive that there was no plan. We find the fabric, however, convenient enough in spite of its irregularity, and should be sorry to see it demolished.

I must conscientiously bear favourable testimony to the inhabitants of Hamburgh; but I should not like to live amongst them. The town is too large for me—the streets, with a very few exceptions, too narrow and dark. It appears to me, in some respects, like a German Venice, where every cubic inch of land especially near the canals, is sold by mercantile measurement for gold. This may suit the gentlemen of the counting-house vastly well; but I should be afraid of thrusting my elbows into the sides of passengers, as I walked. Here and there buildings are pulled down, and light admitted. I only hope the ground will not be sold again to the dealers in darkness.

The only walk in the town has been somewhat widened, but is still narrow enough, and not equal to a principal street in Petersburg. The trees, which have been planted there, do not seem properly attended to. Many of them have failed, and should be immediately replaced by others before the healthy ones have grown too much. The pavilion, with refreshments in the centre, belongs to a foreigner, and is a very neat place.

The Hamburgh merchants are famed for giving good dinners, and I found the report true. Still they do not exceed the general luxury of the times, and in some respects do not equal it. Perhaps the blockade of the Elbe may have operated as a sort of warning, and produced more economy. The inhabitants have certainly a satisfied jolly appearance, which is surely far preferable to a lean hungry one, whatever my friend Merkel may say to the contrary.

I found Iffland here, and not only saw him on the stage,

but spent several hours with him. Perhaps you do not know him as a companion. A conversation with him, when he is in a lively mood, is worth more than one of his best parts on the stage. I only saw him once publicly, it was in the character of Riem, which you will remember to be in his own play called the Dowry. He seemed, as I thought, to exert himself very much, and yet could not come properly into play with the other performers; they could not rise to him, nor he descend to them. I found them indeed far below my expectation, and if I did not know to a certainty that Schröder was lately here, I should never have believed that several of them had enjoyed his tuition; at least they have made a wretched use of it. How it happens I know not; but the theatre is a poor one—for Hamburgh a very poor one. I believe that half of the company cannot read—I mean in a rational way. There was only one whom I thought a good actor—he performed the President, if I am not mistaken. The man, who personated the Stranger, began tolerably well; but soon became a miserable croaker, and the Privy Counsellor ranted most furiously. Still there may be better among them, and I fancied that I discovered merit in one or two of the subaltern performers. I ought not to decide positively from a single representation. It is said that when any performer applied to Eckhof for an engagement, he always presented a chosen book, and desired the applicant to read. He then requested him to walk up and down in a spacious room. These trials were sufficient to guide his decision. Were they to be in force every where, how many would be dismissed from our stages! The women were better than the men, which is seldom the case. The way into and out of the theatre reflects great disgrace on Hamburgh. The house itself is bad enough; but even in the worst little towns of Poland, such contemptible corners are scarcely to be found as the two alleys by which the company enter and return from it.

I must be allowed another short remark. In order to give more room for the spectators, the orchestra has been thrown into the pit. There is not much to be said against this, except that the music suffers by it; but the place itself is furnished with such wretched broken benches, that its appearance is vile; and yet there were ladies and gentlemen of the first *ton* in it.

If I were to give you a description of the views between Altona and Blankenese, I should fill a volume. The Blankenesers used to hold a very low place in my estimation; for I was told that they and the inhabitants of Helgoland were the little corsairs of the North Sea; and I believe still that

they are not quite guiltless of the charge. You have probably heard of what is called the *Strand Law*. It is here strictly enforced; and shameful it is that such a practice should be suffered to continue. Methinks I never heard of it among the Greeks, the Romans, or Phœnicians. If people were guilty of such actions among them, they called the wretches by their real name—pirates. Shall we be told that this law is likewise sanctioned by Christianity, as has been asserted with respect to the base inhumanity practised against the negroes of Africa?—If it were so, well might religion hide her blushes in the mines of Potosi. Did one ever hear of such barbarity as to decimate the unfortunate?—*Decimate!* The term is too mild—they absolutely *tertiate* them; for the Christian who stretches forth his hand to save his fellow-christian's property, is *legally* entitled to a third part of it. Would that the strand-law were stranded without redemption!

Blankenese, as the name seems to indicate, must formerly have been a wild bleak spot; but building is now so prevalent that the villas of Hamburgh merchants form one long row to this place. The prospect from the hill up the river to the town, affords a fine picture of rich cultivation. But it must be still more gratifying from the Hanoverian coast on the other side of the Elbe, where at one glance you may survey the city and the northern banks of the river studded with country-seats.

My numerous friends in Hamburgh made the days seem much shorter than the calendar described them, and I left the place with much regret.

Thus, then, ends my fishing expedition; for you may, if you like, suppose that to have been my object, and I have made a tolerable circuit in search of it. I began with the Elbe, and ended with the Elbe. I have visited the Oder, the Vistula, the Niemen, the Dwina, the Embach, the Neva, and the Volga! How rich are these in fish, not to mention all the lakes! At Moscow there were fish out of the Black Sea, the White Sea, and the Caspian. My good fortune too led me into the society of those, who had them at table. The district also bordering on the Gulphs of Finland and Bothnia, as well as the Baltic down to the North Sea, produced plenty of the finny tribes, from the salmon to the minnow.

After I had submitted my Danish pass to the inspection of the French ambassador, (for unfortunately we cannot now travel through our native country, or indeed hardly take a step without permission from the all-powerful ruler on the Seine) I quietly went in a boat up the Elbe to Luneburg. Gall arrived just as I came away. I lament that I am always doomed to miss him; for I should like very much to hear a

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lecture on his system. It does not suit me to study it at second-hand. Except in the anatomical part, I understand there is nothing very new in it.

The French put no questions to me at Luneburg; and as I proceeded I met with no more of them; as they had formed a junction for the purpose of undertaking something important.

Cultivation and management ought to be more an object of attention between Luneburg and Brunswick. I cannot be persuaded that the soil is of so ungrateful a nature if it were judiciously treated. It is truly desirable that this should be more narrowly examined into by persons well versed in agricultural affairs.

At Brunswick I was almost overpowered on entering the house of M. Schmidt by the smell of his cichory-coffee. This and tobacco are most singular and unaccountable instances of modern taste. The wretch who is scarcely able to procure bread, must have tobacco, and cannot exist without the black bitter infusion of burnt coffee, or its substitutes. In this neighbourhood there were large portions of ground planted with cichory.

Kamp's retreat here has probably more of *Sans Souci* in it than the one on a large scale at Potsdam. It is seldom the lot of kings to be devoid of care; and it would be easy to prove that Frederick felt the heaviest of his cares when at *Sans Souci*.

The weather was fine as I passed old father Brocken, and I looked up at his summit with a wish to be there. If I could have spared a few days more, I should certainly have gratified myself; for I have never been in the new house at the summit. When I last visited the spot, the foundation-stone was just laid, and I slept among the workmen. I could now discern it plainly through the denser atmosphere which envelopes the mountain.

At Halberstadt, I wandered about sun-set to the garden, in which lie the remains of my parental friend and benefactor, the venerable Gleim. Lower down the Elbe I had stood at the grave of Klopstock, and done homage to his genius. Here I did more—I acknowledged with heartfelt sincerity the endless debt of gratitude I owed, and paid the tributary tear. Here, on the very spot which now bears his monument, I have sitten with himself, and warmly conversed on what is great and good. Let malice and detraction rake up his foibles—Gleim was a worthy upright man. Had I been as intimately acquainted with Klopstock, I should perhaps have been equally attached to him; but our connection was a literary and a distant one. I cannot omit this opportunity of relating to you a trifling circumstance, which I esteem rather to my credit. You

know that when Klopstock's Odes and Messiah were printed, I was the corrector of the press. The old gentleman maintained high authority, and always referred me in a dictatorial tone to his manuscript, which, however, was not destitute of little errors. This used to create differences between us; and I one day wrote him a letter couched in very plain terms, acknowledging his great superior merits, but pointing out a number of little inaccuracies. He acknowledged these reluctantly by a verbal message; but he afterwards told Herder (as Herder himself assured me) that I had treated him most cruelly. My justification is his own copy. His only fault was that he fancied himself infallible in minute points. A single example—In one of his odes, (I believe The Stars,) all the former editions printed a line thus:

"Vater, so rufen wir an."

It appeared to my ear that the metre positively required the last word to be omitted, and I wrote to him accordingly, inclosing the sheet of letter-press for his correction, if he pleased. He underlined the word *again*, which I had struck out—then erased his mark—then wrote the word again above—then blotted it out—and thus he returned the proof without a single remark. It is evident how anxious he was to save the word, but his ear would not allow it, and Göschen's edition is the only one, in which, through my perseverance, this line is rightly printed.

I had been a day in travelling from Brunswick to Halbertstadt, and was another in going from Halbertstadt to Könnern. It was the latter end of harvest, and the horses so busily employed in leading corn, that I could not without difficulty procure any. I would willingly have taken my knapsack on my back, and could have proceeded rather quicker on foot; had I not made a promise to my fellow-travellers that I would accompany them to Leipzig.

I am sorry to remark (but truth demands it) that during my whole summer's tour I have no where seen places which had so poor and ruinous an appearance as the Prussian towns from Brunswick to this place. Halberstadt, Aschersleben, and Könnern, exhibit a picture of poverty in every respect. The villages, however, have a lively air, and excite sensations agreeable to the traveller.

The regiments were every where under orders to be ready for a march at a short notice, yet no one knew his destination. All were eager for battle, and no one knew with whom. Such is the genuine character of thoughtless man! But we must not be rash, and ascribe this to an innate cruelty of disposition,

and love of murder. There is unfortunately but a small share of purity in state arrangements, and as long as the term soldier is considered a distinguished honourable title, the share of rationality is not great. The term soldier, if we trace it to its origin, probably means a hireling, one who serves for money; and in general he has been made the instrument of despotism. To the warrior who sheds his blood for the cause of justice and his country, let due honour be given; but to this the soldier, merely as such, can have little claim. Soldiers are, however, men; and not bad men. They lead a life of compulsion and inactivity; both of which are far from being congenial with human nature. They rejoice, therefore, in obtaining a scope for action on any condition, and prefer battle, at the risk of life, to perpetual nothingness.

At Halle, my poor knapsack had a seal put upon it, after having travelled from Palermo to Moscow in perfect freedom with all its contents.—Yet no—at Vienna and Aberfors it was searched to the bottom.

The conversation here still turned sometimes upon the famine of last summer. From all that I have learnt, there were faults on each side, as is generally the case. The punishment of the insurgents was not severe; but if all that I heard be true, it was irregular, and as such it bordered on injustice.

Schnorr was just returned from a tour through Switzerland, and welcomed me as heartily as ever.

Here then, my dear friend, my communications close. During the holidays I shall take a trip to Dresden and Weimar—then sit down to my Greek and pedagogical labours again in good earnest.—Adieu.

END OF SEUME'S TOUR.

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